

Saturday September 14 1996

Abkhaz D 0.50	Hong Kong HK\$ 25	Oman OR 1.00
Albania L 220	Hungary F 230	Pakistan R 70
Andorra FF 10	Iceland L 135	Poland Z 6.30
Australia A\$ 30	India Rs 35	Portugal E 200
Bahrain B.D. 0.35	Israel NIS 0.50	Romania L 1,500
Belgium BF 65	Italy L 2,000	Russia R 100
Benin C.F. 0.20	Japan Y 100	Saudi Arabia P 10
Bulgaria B 12.50	Korea W 1,000	Slovenia S 17
Cambodia C 1,000	Kenya KSh 120	Spain P 250
Canada Cdn\$ 0.75	Kuwait KD 0.50	Sweden S 17
Czechia CZ 15	Latvia L 25	Switzerland SF 3.20
Denmark DK 15	Lithuania L 25	Taiwan NT 1,000
Egypt E 15	Luxembourg LF 55	Thailand B 10
France FF 12	Malta M 10.5	Trinidad T 1,750
Germany DM 10	Netherlands G 4.00	Turkey Y 100,000
Greece D 400	Norway NK 16	Ukraine U 2,000
		USA US\$ 2.75

The Guardian INTERNATIONAL

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NEWSPAPER OF THE YEAR 46,658

With Simon Hoggart's diary, Jeremy Hardy, The Joanna Coles interview, The Week That Was

the week

Plus: on the trail of Primavera

Shooting a Brit

Gery Adams's controversial autobiography

Why I was wrong about the bomb

Peregrine Worsthorpe repents

Clinton runs but can't hide from questions over 'embarrassing' secret



Health hazard... President Clinton jogging in Washington this week with secret service agents

Mystery as White House refuses to release president's full medical file

Jonathan Freedland in Washington

President Clinton became the centre of an embarrassing guessing game yesterday as White House officials refused to release his medical records — admitting they contained a secret whose revelation would compromise his "dignity".

The White House press secretary, Mike McCurry, said he had every right to hold back details no one "would want spread out on the front page".

Despite Republican demands for full disclosure, officials have only released summaries of Mr Clinton's health history. The Republican candidate, Bob Dole, has issued all his medical records. Unnamed Republican sources suggested Mr Clinton's medical files might reveal past drug use.

Frustrated by journalists to give an example of what kind of details would be too embarrassing for publication, Mr McCurry eventually cited

"things like rectal exams", taking pains to make clear he was not speaking specifically about Mr Clinton.

Former president Jimmy Carter's image took a blow when it emerged that he suffered from haemorrhoids.

Speculation also centred on whether a genital condition might be the problem. A former Arkansas state employee, Paula Jones — who is suing the president for sexual harassment — claims he exposed himself to her during a hotel room encounter in 1991, and there were "distinguishing characteristics" in his genital area.

Asked whether the president had ever been treated for a sexually transmitted disease, Mr McCurry said such treatment would already have been disclosed.

History suggests several of Mr Clinton's predecessors were no more forthcoming over their health records.

There is considerable debate over when Ronald Reagan began to suffer from Alzheimer's disease. Some be-

lieve it first struck in the mid-1980s, and was exhibited by frequent memory lapses.

John F Kennedy was plagued by severe backache, but the fact was kept from the American electorate. Dwight Eisenhower's heart attack in office was similarly minimised, while Franklin Roosevelt concealed his polio condition from the public.

Mr Clinton likes to jog, but rarely runs in public. His imagemakers told him a flushed, sweaty demeanour looked un-presidential.

Battered unions cut adrift

Labour faces TUC anger

Seamus Milne Labour Editor

A PERMANENT rupture between Labour and the trade unions, a relationship that has shaped British politics for most of this century, is in sight after senior party sources acknowledged that the historic link could be severed after the next election.

In the face of increasingly heartless Labour denials of contingency plans to cut ties, the endgame of this week's drive by Tony Blair and his lieutenants at the TUC conference to highlight the growing gap between party and unions became clear.

After Stephen Byers, Labour's employment spokesman, briefed journalists at the TUC in Blackpool on how a Labour government might respond to public sector strikes, sources close to Mr Blair emphasised that the Labour-union relationship would continue to change and acknowledged that cutting the ties over time was one option, though an early breach was unlikely.

In recent years, the Labour leader has privately made no secret of his view that a modern party should part company from the unions.

Mr Byers refused to speculate whether the unions would still have their places on Labour's national executive and vote at party conference at the end of a first term in office. He would only say they were "no plans at the moment" to break the alliance which has put organised labour and class-based politics centre-stage since the party's foundation.

Union leaders were furious at the reports, which dominated the last day of the TUC. Lew Adams, leader of the train drivers' union Aslef, said he was "fed up to the teeth with the way our conference has been persistently hijacked by politicians who keep talking about an evolving relationship with the trade unions, which keeps evolving until we disappear".

George Brunwell, general secretary of the building workers' union Uclaf, said the threat of a branch with the unions would only benefit Arthur Scargill's breakaway Socialist Labour Party, John Monks, TUC general secre-

† Star restaurant, Ealing, London 1996
Neil Kinnock is accused of headbutting one of two men who hit him over the head with a rolled up newspaper.

† Luigi's, Covent Garden, London 1992
Neil Kinnock's row with John Smith over tax plans overshadowed the run-up to the election.



† The Seafood restaurant, Blackpool, September 1996
Stephen Byers, Labour's employment spokesman, dines with four journalists on Wednesday night and sparks controversy over Labour links with the unions.

yesterday and Mr Blair ruled out any move to discipline or demote Mr Byers — as called for by John Edmonds, the GMB general union leader — who is one of the Labour leader's most enthusiastic supporters.

One senior Labour source claimed Mr Byers had come close to being sacked, though that was strongly denied last night by Mr Blair's office. Shadow education and employment secretary David Blunkett was described as incandescent with rage over the fact that Mr Byers had given an unauthorised briefing, but he was asked by Mr Blair not to intervene. John Prescott, the party's deputy leader, dismissed Mr Byers as a "junior minister".

The Byers briefing comes after a week of high tension between Labour and the unions at the TUC, where Mr Blunkett caused consternation earlier in the week by suggesting no-strike, binding arbitration agreements for the public sector and a requirement to re-ballot where an employer makes a "significant" new offer.

That was followed by a spate of rebuttals and counter-briefings. But there was also little doubt that Labour politicians had deliberately gone to the TUC to provoke a high-profile row in a bid for electoral advantage.

On the menu, page 3; Leader comment, page 8; The Week, page 14

Government plundered pension fund's huge surpluses when industry privatised

Bus pensioners set for £200m

Keith Harper and Richard Miles

THOUSANDS of National Bus pensioners are in line for a £200 million payout after it emerged yesterday that the Government was guilty of raiding the company's pension scheme when it was privatised 10 years ago.

The pensions ombudsman, Julian Farrand — appointed by the Social Services Secretary, Peter Lilley, to investigate complaints from the public — has instructed trustees to "take all possible steps" to recover the money from the Treasury.

Bus pensioners could gain by up to £1,000 a year after trustees disperse the money "with interest windfall", unless ministers appeal against the ruling, although industry sources suggest this would be unlikely to succeed.

The case will be a considerable embarrassment to ministers. The Government plundered the fund's huge surpluses when the industry was privatised in 1986. Later, the National Audit Office ruled the bulk of the money

raised from the National Bus sell-off came from the winding up of the pension fund.

It is not the first time that the Government has pocketed the surplus in the pension scheme of a privatised company. In 1984, it took an estimated £2 billion out of the former British Coal pension funds in return for a guarantee that pensions would be linked to the rate of inflation.

The ruling comes as the Department of Social Security is pushing through reforms to protect the members of company pension schemes from unscrupulous employers

following the Robert Maxwell scandal, where thousands of workers' pensions were siphoned off to prop up the media mogul's failing business empire.

Dr Farrand revealed his decision earlier this week in a letter to Jimmy Knapp, leader of the Rail, Maritime and Transport Union, many of whose members are victims of the raid.

The letter confirms the complaint against the action has been upheld. "The amendment to the rules of the scheme was found to be in breach of trust, and the consequence of pressure improperly brought by the National Bus Company," said Dr Farrand.

His letter says that he does not have the resources to make copies of his decision publicly available, but gives the trustees the authority to recoup the money with interest. He says the money was originally handed over to the Department of Transport.

Mr Knapp said: "This is another example of a huge pensions fund raid by political cowboys who have no concern for people who have given loyal years of service."

Prince swipes at 'ugly and bad-mannered' hotels

Owen Bowcott

THE Prince of Wales's crusade against environmental "uglification" and architectural eyesores brought him into open conflict with Britain's hoteliers yesterday.

Attacking damage caused by the international boom in tourism, the Prince claimed that Hyde Park in London, east European cities, and Mediterranean coastlines have been spoilt by "bad-mannered development".

But his comments, in an article for the Green Hotelier magazine, prompted Jeremy Logie, chief executive of the British Hospitality Association, which represents 20,000 hotels and restaurants, to say: "As far as hotel architecture is concerned, I think Prince Charles is being commercially unrealistic. Hotels are primarily commercial concerns and have to be built in a certain way. It's up to planning authorities to say whether a hotel is unsightly."

The Green Hotelier is published by the Prince of Wales Business Leader's Forum as part of its International Hotels Environment Initiative.

depressing examples of insensitive hotel buildings constructed for purposes of short-term economy, international brand marketing, and maximising of capacity, based on designs originated unthinkingly in the confines of an international head office."

But some suggest the Prince's comments are better directed at the high-rise buildings of the 1970s than more recent developments.

Jonathan Boller, chairman of hotel consultant company Horwath, said hotels were not the worst architectural offenders in central London. "One of the worst examples of appalling architecture is the government building in Marsham Street which has been home to — of all people — the Department of the Environment."

Inside

Britain
The British Government was warned it could face legal action from the European Commission over cattle imports. **2**

World News
Iraq sought to fend off the threat of American air attacks last night, saying it would abide by rules of expanded no-fly zones. **6**

City
Having begun the making typewriters, Olivetti risks ending it as a victim of its successor — the personal computer. **10**

Sport
Miguel Angel Nadal is expected to sign for Manchester United next week despite failing to agree personal terms with them in summer. **22**

Comment and Letters 8
Obituary 7
The Week
Crossword 24; Weather 2;
Radio 2; TV 2

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Warning by EU on cattle imports

Stephen Bates in Brussels

THE British Government was warned yesterday it could face legal action from the European Commission to force the UK to accept cattle imports from other member states.

as a result of bans arising out of the BSE crisis, but the British case was the most blatant breach of the rules of the single market.

His 'Tigers' preyed on two peoples during the Balkan war, but Arkan claims he preaches ethnic tolerance

Serb warlord pleads his innocence

Ian Traynor, Central Europe Editor

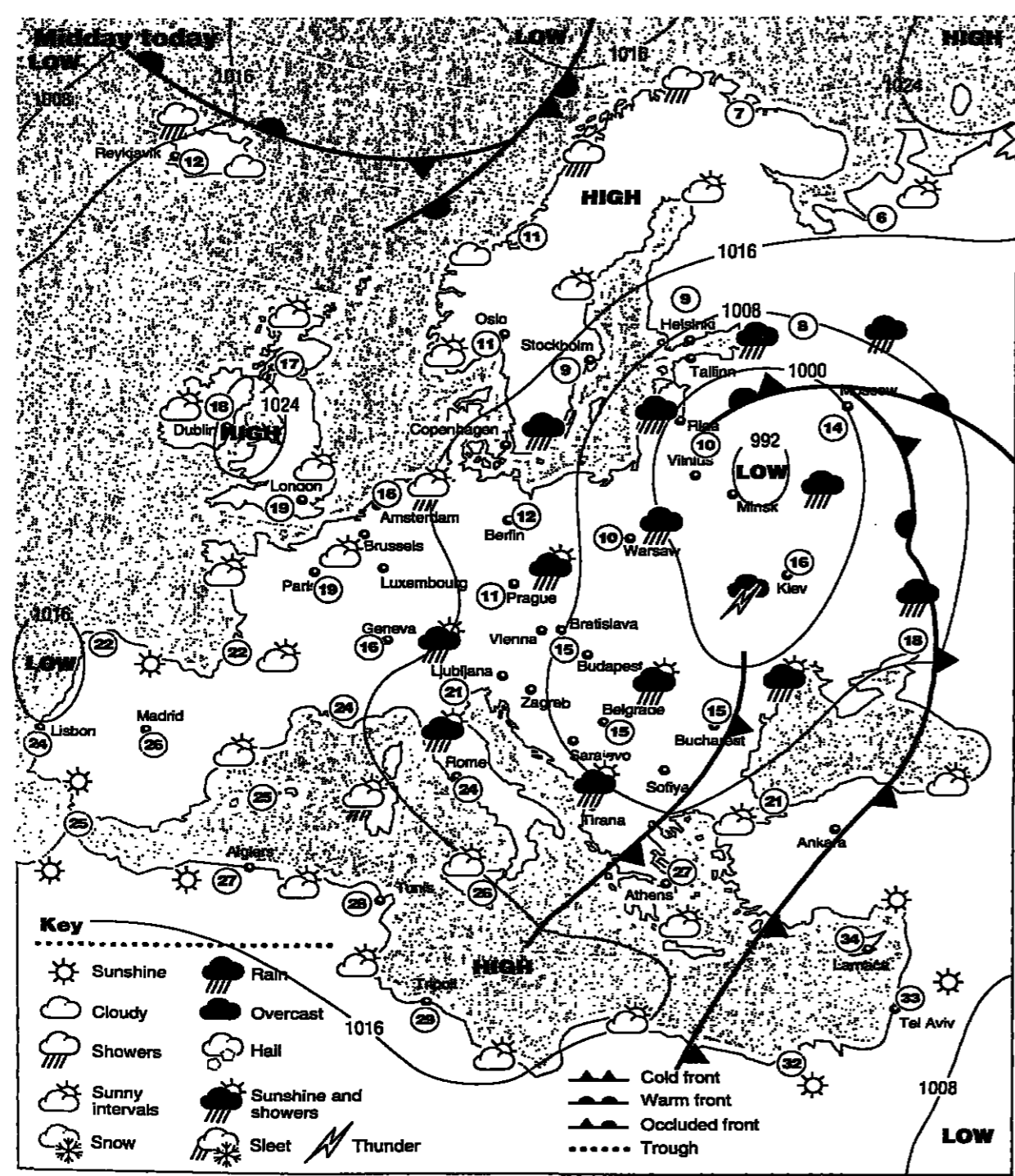
BELGRADE paramilitary leader and politician whose units were blamed for some of the worst ethnic cleansing of the Bosnian and Croatian wars, claims he is an advocate of "ethnic tolerance and respect for other religions and ethnic groups".



A bodyguard ducks as Zeljko Raznjatovic, aka Arkan, fires his Magnum revolver out of the sunroof of his car on his wedding day in Serbia last year.

Human rights watchers point out that The Hague tribunal has not yet indicted any of Mr Milosevic's associates in Serbia for war crimes. An official at the Humanitarian Law Foundation in Belgrade, which investigates alleged war crimes and supplies information to The Hague, says the case is "too sensitive" to discuss.

The weather in Europe



Forecast for the cities table with columns for city, today's weather, and tomorrow's weather.

Around the world table with columns for location, today's weather, and tomorrow's weather.

European weather outlook: Low pressure over the Baltic will maintain wet and windy weather over southern Finland and southern Sweden.

Television and radio - Saturday

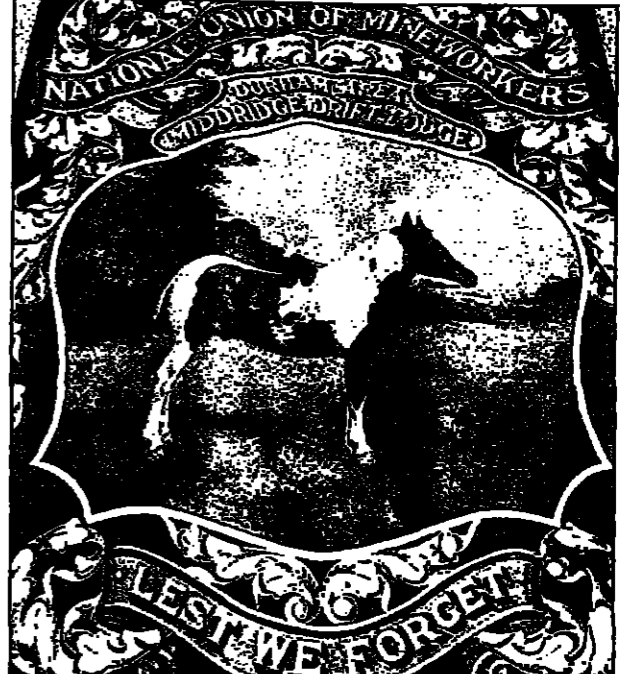
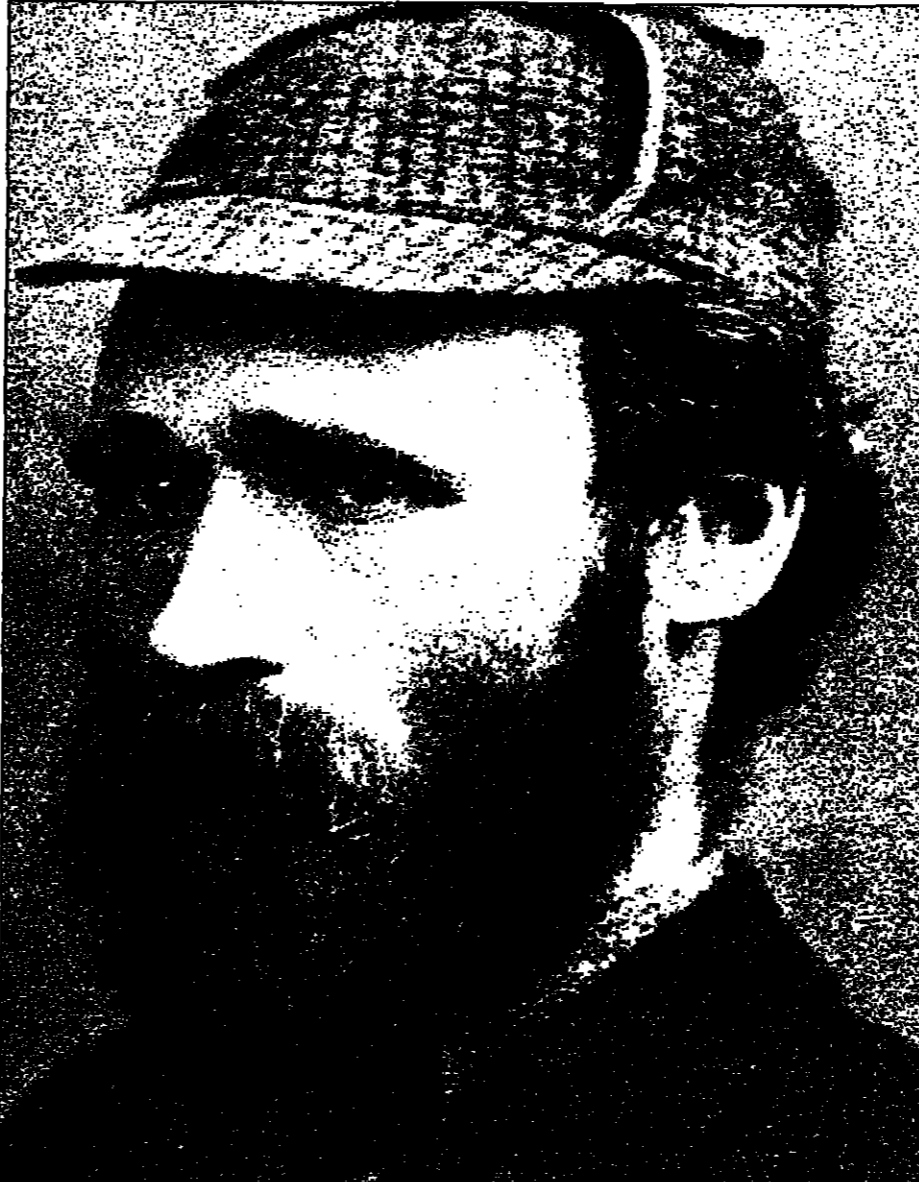
BBC 1: 8.25am News; Weather; 9.30 Oscar's Orchestra; 9.35 Robinson Crusoe; 10.15 The Reckless; 10.45 Mervyn Pinfield; 11.15 The Flintstones; 11.45 Christmas Explains It All; 12.15 Grand High; 12.30 Desert Valley; 1.15 The O'Zs; 1.15 Westway; 1.15 Grandstand; 2.30 News; Weather; 3.30 Regional News; 4.30 Ant; 5.30 Dad's Army; 7.05 Jim Davidson's Generation Game; 8.05 Das South; 8.30 The Howard Stern Show; 8.55 C4; 9.55 News; 10.15 Ant and Sport; 10.15 BBC Sports 1996; The Last Night of the Proms; 11.30 Match of the Day; 11.55 They Think It's All Over; 1.25 FILM: Stand and Deliver; 3.05 Weather; 3.10 Close.

Television and radio - Sunday

BBC 1: 8.25am News; Weather; 9.30 Oscar's Orchestra; 9.35 Robinson Crusoe; 10.15 The Reckless; 10.45 Mervyn Pinfield; 11.15 The Flintstones; 11.45 Christmas Explains It All; 12.15 Grand High; 12.30 Desert Valley; 1.15 The O'Zs; 1.15 Westway; 1.15 Grandstand; 2.30 News; Weather; 3.30 Regional News; 4.30 Ant; 5.30 Dad's Army; 7.05 Jim Davidson's Generation Game; 8.05 Das South; 8.30 The Howard Stern Show; 8.55 C4; 9.55 News; 10.15 Ant and Sport; 10.15 BBC Sports 1996; The Last Night of the Proms; 11.30 Match of the Day; 11.55 They Think It's All Over; 1.25 FILM: Stand and Deliver; 3.05 Weather; 3.10 Close.

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Advertisement for 'Disputed res' and 'How U' with a large image of a person's face and text including 'How U' and 'Disputed res'.



TUC general secretary John Monks (top left) and Labour deputy leader John Prescott at Blackpool this week. New Labour's leadership under Tony Blair is preparing to wrest the party, founded by Kier Hardie (centre), from the control of massed labour, here drawn up at party conference in 1965 (top right). Previous leader Neil Kinnock (below left) waged an increasingly bitter fight for control against traditional Labour strongholds such as the miners' union (below right)

Disputed restaurant briefing signals end of historic link with Labour How unions found they were on menu

Soumas Mills
Labour Editor

WHEN Stephen Byers sat down to a plate of Dover sole with four lobby journalists at Blackpool's Seaford Restaurant on Wednesday night, he laid the ground for what is likely to become a watershed in Labour's 86-year-old relationship with the trade unions.

The party's amputation from the trade union movement that founded it is a central — if hitherto publicly unspoken — element of the Blair "project". The outraged demands of union leaders for Tony Blair to rule out the break are therefore bound to fall on deaf ears.

Despite some local difficulties yesterday with shadow cabinet members and union leaders, there can be no serious doubt that Mr Byers — and by extension Tony Blair — floated the prospect of severing the union link deliberately to capitalise on a week of unprecedented Labour "union bashing".

New Labour has proved particularly partial to the long-established practice of floating, denying and then implementing sensitive policy changes — the U-turn on the Scottish devolution referendum is a recent example — and the events of the past few days follow that pattern.

For all yesterday's frenetic denials, the claim attributed to Mr Byers — the member of Labour's employment team closest to Mr Blair — that the Labour leadership is preparing to sever the links between

the party and unions by mobilising individual members in a post-election ballot is soundly based. Only the timing remains in question.

As with the row created by Mr Blunkett's roller-coaster proposals to curb public sector strikes, few trade unionists will believe that Mr Byers's TUC restaurant briefing was anything other than a calculated attempt to widen the gap between party and unions in the public mind. A final rupture is firmly on the political agenda.

Mr Blair himself has never made any secret in private of his view that the unions' constitutional role in the party is inappropriate for a modern political organisation. He argued that case openly in meetings with union leaders during Labour's last great constitutional spat over the unions' involvement in parliamentary selections in 1993.

Mr Blair has mostly dropped those commitments and accelerated the drive to weaken the historic links with the unions that set Labour apart from other European socialist and social-democratic parties. Last year, the unions agreed to cut their

share of the conference vote to 50 per cent on condition that no further moves were made this side of the election. Bill Morris, leader of the Transport and General Workers' Union, warned that the unions were drawing a line in the sand at 50 per cent, though Mr Blair insisted the issue remained open. Policy-making has since effectively been transferred from the national executive and conference to the leader's office.

Senior union officials yesterday poured scorn on the idea that Mr Blair could end the relationship, because the party conference has the final word. "It is just not within his power," one remarked. "Any proposal would need the consent of the unions and it is simply not on the agenda."

That view is almost certainly wrong. The scenario sketched out by Mr Byers mirrors exactly the tactics used by Mr Blair last year to ditch Labour's Clause Four commitment to common ownership. He won that issue by a landslide in the constituency parties, but only just secured a majority of union votes.



The unions' old battlegrounds are about to shift

Labour and the TUC

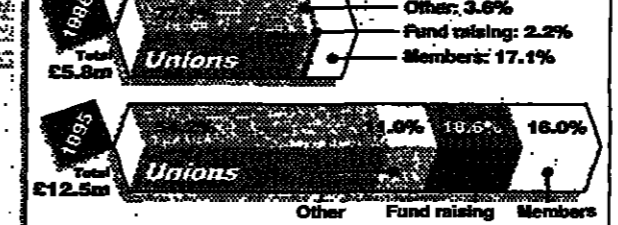
This week's points of dispute:

- TUC voted for a national minimum wage of £4.26 — when Tony Blair asked it not to set one.
- Labour revealed plans for binding arbitration to settle disputes involving public sector workers.
- TUC voted to press for package of employment rights, far beyond Labour Party policy, including right to take secondary industrial action and outlawing the sacking of strikers.

Links between Labour and the unions:

- Unions have 50 per cent of the vote at Labour Party conferences. Figure has fallen from 70 per cent since Tony Blair became leader.
- 141 Labour MPs are sponsored by trade unions.
- Labour receives more than £26 million a year from unions — more than half annual total.
- Millions of union members pay a political levy which helps to fund Labour campaigns.
- Unions have one-third of the vote in elections for Labour's leader and deputy leader.
- There are 12 union members on Labour's 29-member NEC.

Labour party income



Byers: one of the chosen

Blair's banker

Rebecca Smithers
Political Correspondent

STEPHEN Byers is one of the 15 or so Labour MPs who are true Blairites, and as such is one of the rising young stars of Tony Blair's front bench team.

ment, Building Prosperity — Efficiency and Fairness at Work, published in June, in which the party abandoned unfair dismissal protection from day one in a job and watered down key commitments on workers' rights.

and trade union background, and in the Commons over the last four years has been a thorn in the side of ministers in a variety of departments.

retirement of teachers was costing the taxpayer more than £200 million a year. He was at the forefront of attacks on the Government's involvement in the arms-for-trial which led to the Scott report.

He is also a popular constituency MP who spends a lot of time in Wallsend despite his increasingly hectic Westminster schedule and many media appearances. He has successfully highlighted important local issues such as the threatened closure of the Swan Hunter shipyard, blaming its lack of orders as a result of government policies.



Stephen Byers during his time at North Tyneside council

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News in brief

'Altitude fear' pilot wants to fly again

A CO-PILOT whose aircraft was forced to divert after he told his commander he was "frightened of the altitude" wants to fly again. He is backed by the British Airline Pilots' Association and is angry at the way events on last May's Maersk Air flight from Birmingham to Milan were portrayed.

Prosecution ruled out

POLICE officers will not be prosecuted over an incident in which an Asian student lost an eye in custody, it emerged yesterday. Anwar Rafiq, aged 21, from Rusholme, Greater Manchester, had to have his right eye removed by surgeons after his arrest in February outside the restaurant where he worked.

Cocaine found on board liner

CUSTOMS officers were last night investigating the source of 4kg of cocaine seized on a luxury liner after it arrived in Southampton for a \$4 million refit. The drug, with a street value of £220,000, was discovered hidden in a storage room cupboard on the SS Norway, the world's longest liner at 1,035 ft.

Wife pleads for husband

A MAN who scarred his estranged wife for life when he threw a saucepan of boiling potatoes over her during a row was jailed for six months yesterday after his wife appealed to the judge. Judge Paul Downes cut the sentence for warehouse supervisor Keith Lake, aged 46, from two-and-a-half years after receiving the letter from Christine Lake. Mrs Lake had written that the couple's two sons, Matthew, aged 11, and Alex, aged 10, would "suffer greatly if he was away from them for a long time".

Home for murder charge boy

THE Home Secretary, Michael Howard, is being urged to move a 16-year-old boy facing a murder charge from prison to a £2,000-a-week secure children's home. The boy, who cannot be named, has been appearing before Cheltenham magistrates weekly for four weeks and each time has been remanded in custody.

Jail for millionaire's servant

A TRUSTED servant who stole his employer's family silver to fund his gambling was jailed for two years yesterday. Rex Belarmino, aged 33, who was given the run of the luxurious home in Eaton Place, central London, repeatedly plundered millionaire Count Pietro Antonelli's safe. The live-in housekeeper took seven silver platters, nine trays and 21 plates belonging to the Italian banker and worth nearly £23,000, and pawned them for £5,000, which he spent at a local casino, Southwark crown court heard. But he confessed in tears to his boss.

Baby run over by taxi

A YEAR-OLD baby girl who crawled into the path of a taxi was critically ill yesterday. Christy Field was taken to John Radcliffe Hospital, Oxford, after the accident outside her home in Berinsfield, Oxon. The child could be given only basic first aid on the scene. The driver, David Max, was under sedation last night.



Andrew Eaton, aged seven, with parents Karl and Heather, who have won legal aid to go to court over his suspension

PHOTOGRAPH: JOHN HOLLAND

'Needy young people are experiencing officially sanctioned neglect. These children are being denied full-time education. Were this situation created by the children's own parents, it would result in a criminal prosecution' - Government adviser

David Ward on the fraught issue of disruptive children

Unruly pupils out in cold

YESTERDAY Matthew Wilson, excluded from Manton primary school in Workson, Nottinghamshire, for a series of allegedly disruptive offences, concluded his first week of lonely and expensive one-to-one lessons. The parents of his fellow-pupils, angry at this solution to a crisis which erupted in full media glare, withdrew their children in protest, sent them back a couple of days later, and withdrew them again yesterday.

Meanwhile Manton's teachers, or at least those who belong to the National Association of Schoolmasters/Union of Women Teachers, stood by their threat to strike rather than teach Matthew, and the union's leader, Nigel de Gruchy, defended them from charges of bully-boy tactics. "The bullies are the young thugs out there threatening teachers and terrorising their fellow pupils," he retorted. "We are trying to protect ourselves and other children."

As he defended himself, a speaker was offering a contrary opinion at a conference in a Manchester hotel. Instead of attacking the bullying kids, Carl Parsons, of Canterbury Christ Church College, denounced exclusion as an officially licensed truancy. The subject prompts passionate opinions from teachers, parents, governors, union leaders and politicians. Mr Parsons' views command attention, if only because he led the research team which last year reported to the Government on policies and procedures on exclusion.

He gave a rundown on figures: 12,500 pupils were permanently excluded from schools in England in 1994-95, a figure which could rise to 13,500 this year; 84 per cent of excluded pupils are banned from secondary schools — 45 per cent of them aged 15 or 16; schools in London kicked out children at twice the rate of those in the counties and metropolitan boroughs. But Mr Parsons told the conference, organised by the Institute for the Study and Treatment of Delinquency: "Needy young people are experiencing officially sanctioned neglect. These children are being denied full-time education. Were this situation created by the children's own parents, it would result in a criminal prosecution."

He said the law governing exclusions, which the Government wants to modify, was flawed. "Much of it deals with the justice of the exclusion event and is about moving a child out of school. It is not about finding the most appropriate educational placement or care for that child." This speech was music to the ears of Karl Eaton whose son Andrew, aged seven, was suspended from his infants' school in Trafford, Greater Manchester, nine months ago for kicking and punching other pupils. He is now receiving three hours of home tuition a week. Mr Eaton has won legal aid to go to court to claim that Andrew's educational needs have not been considered. Teachers say Andrew suffers from attention deficit disorder. "If schools expelled children suffering from any other disability, it would be completely unacceptable," said Mr Eaton. "Yet youngsters with medically recognised behavioural problems are kicked out of schools."

How the exclusion system works

- The 1986 Education Act says that a head who excludes a pupil must tell the child's parents, the governors and the education authority of his order.
□ Parents have 15 school days from notification to lodge an appeal in writing with the governors. If the governors find for the head, parents can then ask the local education authority to reconsider the school's decision.
□ The L.E.A. can either order

reinstatement or uphold the exclusion. If the decision goes against the parents, they can appeal to an independent appeals committee.
□ If the authority overrules the school, the governors can also appeal to the appeals committee whose ruling can only be overturned by judicial review.
□ The Government is considering reforms to the exclusion procedure which could be included in an education bill due in the next session of parliament.

□ Other changes have been included in a consultation document on school discipline. These suggest that the choice of schools for parents whose children have been excluded must be limited; that schools should be represented at appeal committee hearings; and that pupils could be excluded for 45 days in any year rather than 15.

Trent, excluded seven of her 750 pupils last year and is frustrated by the paradox that serious intervention can begin only after a child has been thrown out of school. "The system does not fit the situation or take account of children's needs," she said after telling the conference about how she cut truancy. "Exclusion costs the country so much in terms of home tuition and the crime some of these young people get into. I'd like to see that money directed to schools so that we can deal with their needs without excluding them."

But so long as the law stands, exclusions will happen and reporters and camera crews will continue to scamper to school gates across the country.

Carol Hayden of Portsmouth University, who has researched primary school exclusions, shares Mr Parsons' fears for such children's future. "If we are serious about preventing long-term problems, we have to have a system which still... leaves them at least literate and numerate. No one wants to look at the complexity of the situation."

Case 1

RICHARD WILSON claims he was expelled from his high school in Manchester for throwing a sweet he aimed at a friend, who ducked. The sweet hit a teacher in the eye. "It was now really," said Richard. "I didn't do it purposely. The teacher said: 'You're staying at home and not coming back.'" That was 2 1/2 years ago. Richard, now aged 15, has spent his crucial GCSE years at home, watching television and increasingly depressed.

His mother, Carmel, admits he was not an angel. "But it was nothing out of the ordinary. He was just like any other kid," she said. Mrs Wilson's appeal was turned down by an independent panel. She was told by Manchester city council that she should look for a place at another school. "I was given a list of schools with places, and tried four of them. As soon as they found out Richard had been expelled, they said they had no places."

Richard was referred to a unit for children with emotional or behavioural problems. After two months Mrs Wilson, dissatisfied with the curriculum and the short working day, withdrew him. He has had no home tuition. "There is talk of a place at a further education college. 'Richard has been deprived of the most important years of his life,'" Mrs Wilson.

Case 2

RICHARD WILDING was permanently excluded from Glaisdale school in Nottingham in January after a series of short enforced absences for alleged violence and disruptive behaviour. Richard's parents, Rita and Philip, appealed and won — members of NASUWT threatened to strike if he returned to school. The planned action was called off

the day before it was due to begin when Mrs and Mrs Wilding agreed to withdraw him from the school. Mr Wilding died soon afterwards. Richard is now taught at home, at a cost of about £300 a week, and at a special unit. Teachers had compiled a dossier of more than 30 incidents they claim took place between September 1995 and last January. They claimed Richard, aged 13, had kicked a boy in an unprovoked attack, punched another in front of teachers, threatened a

teacher with a chair, waved a glass at a pupil and verbally threatened a teacher. He was excluded for two days last November, and a month later walked out of a classroom "looking for another boy", according to the school. He was excluded again for allegedly hitting a boy in front of a teacher, and finally expelled last January. Mrs Wilding said her son was a scapegoat. "There are children far worse than Richard at Glaisdale."

Emily Rose

British Association science festival in Birmingham

Sindy 'sends thin message'

Chris Mihill and Jane Alfred on how winsome 1960s toys, transformed into svelte 1990s action women, may be luring impressionable girls into eating disorders

SINDY — the doll whose lustrous tresses and designer outfits have infuriated feminists for years is in the frame for another crime: encouraging anorexia. A lecturer specialising in eating disorders of the young has elevated the glamour doll to the spot usually reserved for Kate Moss and other "super waif" models. "Fat is the modern three-letter F word," said Andrew Hill, from Leeds University. "It's something we are disgusted at."

Dr Hill warned yesterday that children as young as eight were aware of pressures to diet. One of the main sources of dieting knowledge was the fact that their mothers were engaged in dieting — but popular toys such as Sindy and Barbie were reinforcing the "thin is best" message. He posed the question to the British Association's science festival: "If the link between body shape dissatisfaction and dieting is established by nine, at what age does this awareness start?" He said that amongst the group of eight-year-olds he had studied there was already an awareness of the full range of dieting behaviour.

"It would appear that many eight year olds are already aware of dieting as a means of weight control." Dr Hill found a clear link among eight-year-old girls between low self-esteem and dieting, although this was not true of boys. "Girls appear drawn to weight control as a means of improving their self worth, a strategy that reflects the high salience of appearance and weight for women generally." "The boy's agenda for body shape is for being bigger, stronger, more muscles. They're licensed to eat and be active," he added. "Girls are not." Children gained their information about body shape from the family, their peers and the media, but at this age the family was probably most influential. "Families, or rather mums, have been shown to be influential. Awareness of mum's dieting behaviour was one of three significant predictors of their own dieting awareness, the others being body weight and self-worth." Dr Hill added: "The increase in exposure to visual imagery, much of it depicting stereotypical body shapes is bound to have changed children's understanding and expectations of being an adult member of society."

Children's toys also reflected their changing experience of the world. "A relevant example are the toys Sindy and Barbie. Originally manufactured in the early 1960s as a toy for young teenage girls, 30-something Sindy has lost her brunette bob and plain clothes. She is now blonde, pointedly thin, dressed immaculately and with a lifestyle to match, and bought for the six to eight-year-olds. "Not only does the 90s Sindy depict the ideal appearance and lifestyle for 90s women, she does so for girls only halfway to puberty," he said. Dr Hill added that the Government's anti-obesity drive could backfire if it increased yet further the pressures on young people to diet. Children were already aware that being fat would make them unpopular with their peers. "Nine year olds are aware why they should not be fat. Unfortunately, any pre-adolescent girl about to hit puberty gain weight and double her body fat has to reconcile this stigma with her inevitable physical changes. This may be expressed as a strongly held fear of becoming fat, leading to body shape dissatisfaction and dieting attempts. "This fear of fatness may be the vehicle for expressing profound emotional distress within an eating disorder," he stated.

Psychologists believe that clinicians are reluctant to deal with obesity and want a magical pill to take the problem away. "It is difficult to treat and it's unsexy. Who wants to work with fat people?" asked Dr Hill. "There's no fat pill and the magic bullet is not going to happen," he added. "Even if you find one miracle pill cure it will only cure one portion of the population. People gain weight for all sorts of different reasons."

Sarah Howard, public relations manager for Hasbro, which manufactures Sindy, said: "Why pick on Sindy? Small girls spent only a small part of their time playing with Sindy, and it was an important and fun part of their play. They also played with bricks, watched television and read, she said. "An 11 1/2 inch piece of plastic is not responsible for the ills of today's society, to which we are all exposed. Little boys and little girls are exposed to all sorts of electronic media." "As a responsible toy and game manufacturer we have to make our products move with the times. We have done a lot of research with parents and they know what they want from fashion dolls. "Sindy is Britain's favourite fashion doll. She has had three decades of mums and children playing with her," she said. Children suffering from a rare disease develop insatiable

appetites when stressed, psychologists revealed at the Birmingham meeting yesterday. The condition, called hyperphagic short stature, causes its young sufferers to steal and gorge food when they are unhappy. If food is unavailable they resort to eating wood, plastic and even their own vomit. The disease is caused by a stress-triggered reduction in growth promoting chemicals produced by the brain. It can be cured by removing the child from stress.



Sindy... accused of spreading eating disorders

Why Do Men Leer? William Leith reveals all in the Tiddler, free tomorrow with The Observer.

مكتبة النخيل

Success goes against the flow John Hooper

Secession goes against the flow

John Hooper finds little support in Cremona for Bossi's dreams of Padania

UNLIKE the Thames, the Seine, or the Tiber, the Po is truly a mighty river. Even in Cremona, in northern Italy, more than 150 miles upstream from the Adriatic, it can swell majestically to a breadth of a quarter of a mile or more. Its greeny-brown waters run fast through the flat landscape. This weekend the unwitting Po will be at the centre of a bizarre escapade whose stated purpose is to slash Italy in two. Last night Umberto Bossi, leader of the Northern League, was expected to scoop a phial of water from the spring that gives birth to the river, almost 7,000 feet up near the border with France.

During the next two days, he plans to carry the phial to rallies along the Po as a prelude to declaring the independence of Padania, the region through which it flows. Northern League officials say they expect 1.5 million people to gather by the river to support the movement's aims.

Mr Bossi appears to have incorporated the Po into his movement's mythology to provide the diverse Italian north with a symbol of unity. Yet the people who live along the river are among the northerners least impressed by his activities.

Nowhere could be more Padanian than Cremona. The market town sits as close to the banks of the Po as prudence allows. So the fact that only one in five inhabitants voted for the League at the last general election says a lot about the substance behind this giant publicity stunt.

In Cremona's 13th century town hall, its mayor, Paolo Bodini, said: "For the most part, people here are viewing events with a mixture of concern and detachment."

Tomorrow the city will be the venue for one of the weekend's biggest festivals. But most of the participants are being bussed in from the League's heartland in the area between Milan and the lakes.

"The League itself is not Padanian," said Gian Carlo Corada, who heads Cremona's provincial administration. "It's the League's foothills of the Alps. And the same is true of Bossi himself."

The areas in which the Northern League is strongest tend to have two things in common. They are former redoubts of Christian Democracy and have local economies with many small businesses and a concentration on light industry.

Cremona, like much of true Padania, is agricultural and leftist. Its biggest factories make nongat and salami. Its city administration is a coalition between Catholics and ex-communists not unlike the one ruling Italy.

But that does not stop its mayor from acknowledging that "Bossi is raising a real issue".

He himself yearns for a more devolved system of government: "You can't get anything done without permission from the regional or central government."

Mr Corada is a member of the formerly communist Democratic Party of the Left. His main concern about the weekend's events is not that they could prompt a breakdown of law and order, but that they could set back the cause of moderate federalism.

"Bossi has burnt his bridges behind him. By putting forward such radical demands, I fear he could reinforce nationalism and centralism," he said.

There is already evidence to support that view. A poll for *La Repubblica* newspaper found that, in Milan, opposition to any sort of change in the way the state is run has leapt from 12 to 28 per cent since July.

Caution was also in evidence by the Po outside Cremona yesterday, where workmen were laying out marquee and laying out trees in preparation for Mr Bossi's arrival.

"He shouts and screams like Mussolini," said a pensioner. "Italy's all right the way it is."

Bosnian Elections

Julian Borger in Foca

FOR the people of Foca, a melancholy settlement in the rain-soaked valley of the River Drina, today's elections have become a struggle between two irreconcilable visions of Bosnia's past and future.

For Muslim refugees the town seems a bygone Eden — a place where they lived peacefully with Serbs.

But the town is now in Serb-held territory, and for most of the 27,000 Serbs who now make up the population, the past is very definitely another country. They have renamed the town Srebijne (the equivalent of "Serbville").

There were 20,000 Muslims living in Foca before the war. Now there is one. She is married to a Serb, and both keep a low profile.

Another Serb man spent four months in jail in 1992, and months more on the worst part of the front line, because his wife was a Muslim and he tried to organise a multi-ethnic peace council.

Hundreds of Foca Muslims were slaughtered in 1992, many after being tortured. Most of the survivors were dumped in Montenegro.

"I have never been anywhere so filled with hate," said an international observer posted to Foca/Srebijne for the elections.

The town's 18 mosques have been dynamited. The gardens around a wrecked mosque in the old town have become a rubbish-strewn common, which Milan Jotic uses to garden.

The war has destroyed his life and reduced him to near-beggary, but the way he tells it, the conflict was the Serbs' salvation.

"In all the wars we had, Muslims were always the first to kill. They would have killed us this time. They were storing weapons at night in the mosque. If it wasn't for Radovan Karadzic [the Bosnian Serb wartime leader] there would be nothing here at all. Not a single Serb."

Nato air strikes last September took out the three main bridges across the Drina from Foca, increasing the sense of isolation of the local Serbs, deepening their paranoia, and reinforcing their sense of destiny. "We can never live on each other's territory again. At best it would last for a while, and then it would be a new bloodbath," Mr Jotic said. Today, he will vote for the Serb Democratic Party (SDS) to keep his Srebijne pure. Foca's exiled Muslims will vote in their refugee homes by absentee ballot, or be bussed to a separate polling station five miles from the town in a village called Miljevina.



A Serb resident passes a destroyed mosque in the old Muslim part of Foca, 'ethnically cleansed' of Muslims in the war

PHOTOGRAPH: STEVE FORREST

The Djozo family, who share a cramped flat in Sarajevo, will vote by absentee ballot, although their home is in Miljevina itself.

Safet Djozo, aged 55, was attacked by Serb thugs who rampaged through Miljevina in April 1992. He was forced to watch his house burn. He fled to the woods and after three months living rough walked with his wife and daughter across the mountains to Sarajevo.

But Mr Djozo is convinced that evil came to Foca from outside, in the shape of looters and killers from Serbia and Montenegro, who freed

the criminals from jails and led the local Serbs astray.

"Nothing will change as long as the nationalist parties are in power. A lot of good could be done, if decent people took office, and all the hot-heads cooled down," he said. "In the end we will be able to go back."

Having seen Foca, and sensed the resentful atmosphere on its streets, it is hard to be encouraging.

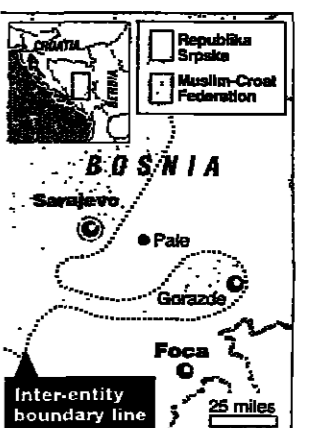
Mr Djozo says his friends had planned to take the bus to vote in Miljevina but decided against it, partly because the ballot for municipal authorities has been postponed, and

because they have discovered the buses will not go to Foca itself.

If they do not go, their votes will be lost. It is a pattern that is likely to be repeated around the country today, to the benefit of the ethnic cleansers.

Foca is likely to become Srebijne once and for all.

Bosnia's ultra-nationalist Serb leader, Biljana Plavsic, reading from a statement she said was given to her by the Organisation for Security and Co-operation in Europe, formally apologised on television yesterday for campaigning for union with Serbia.



Canberra resists rights clause

John Palmer in Brussels

THE UNEXPECTED refusal of the new conservative government in Canberra to commit itself to observing international human rights has thrown into confusion plans for a trade and co-operation agreement between the European Union and Australia.

Since 1992 a human rights clause has been a standard part of all EU international agreements, and has been included in pacts signed with Russia, China and countries in eastern Europe.

Under changes being negotiated in the Maastricht treaty, EU countries themselves could face expulsion from the union for serious human rights abuses. The issue is at the heart of tensions in EU relations with some of Australia's closest

Asian trading partners, notably Burma, Indonesia and other members of the Association of South-East Asian Nations.

Australia's opposition to the human rights clause comes after changes in its policies on international labour standards and the global environment, which have led to

'It will do Australia's image no good to be seen to be quibbling over human rights'

conflict with other advanced industrial democracies at conferences on workers' rights and greenhouse gases.

Opposition parties denounced the government's stand as "embarrassing and humiliating" for Australia's image abroad. Human rights groups have put forward several explanations, including

the recent Australian security pact signed with Indonesia, long the focus of protest at its treatment of occupied East Timor, and the government's change of policy towards Aboriginal rights.

The European Commission has been taken by surprise by the insistence of the Australian prime minister, John

Howard, that the clause be removed from the proposed agreement with the EU. The issue is certain to be raised with the foreign minister, Alexander Downer, during his tour of EU capitals next week.

"No one is criticising Australia's human rights record, of which it can be justly proud. But there is no question of this clause being dropped," a Commission spokesman said yesterday. "It is in the interest of both Australia and the European Union to work together to ensure greater respect internationally for human rights."

In Brussels, diplomats said the pact had been close to final agreement but Canberra's stance on human rights had thrown it into confusion.

"I have discussed this agreement for the last 18 months with Australian officials up to the level of the foreign minister, Gareth Evans, in the previous Labour government, and met no problems at all particularly over human rights," Hugh Kerr, Labour leader of the European Parliament delegation to Australia, said yesterday.

"It will not do any good at all to Australia's international image to be seen to be quibbling over human rights."

World news in brief

Safe deposit foils burglar

SOLOMON Garcia, aged 22, must have been one of the most hapless burglars in crime's annals, writes *Ian Katz* in *New York*.

His body was found pinned under a 600lb safe in the offices of a Long Island property and insurance company. Police said it appeared Garcia was killed when the safe fell on him as he tried to manoeuvre it down the stairs.

Suffolk County homicide detective John Gierasch said Garcia broke into the offices in the early hours of Thursday morning and managed to drag the safe to the top of the stairs.

However, his fatal error was to stand in front of it as he tried to edge it down the stairs. "He lost control, fell backward 14 steps, and it came crashing down on top of him," he said. To add insult to Garcia's fatal injury, police said the safe contained no money.

"I don't think you have to be very educated to know there's no cash in a real estate safe," said Quentin Samis, the owner of the company.

Fears grow of south Lebanon offensive

ISRAELI helicopters rocketed suspected Hizbullah targets for the first time in more than a month after a clash with the pro-Iranian group in south Lebanon yesterday, heightening fears of a broad military offensive.

The Hizbullah chief, Sheikh Hassan Nasrallah, responded by threatening suicide bomb attacks against Israeli forces. "I promise... that any new aggression against Lebanon

will drag the occupying Israeli army back into a quagmire where bombs are not made of iron but of human bodies," he said.

Lebanese security forces said the helicopters fired two rockets into Jabal al-Raft in Idlib al-Toufan ridge, a Hizbullah stronghold north of Israel's south Lebanon occupation zone. There was no word on casualties.

Hours earlier, Israeli soldiers ambushed Hizbullah who had infiltrated the zone, killing one guerrilla, Israeli security sources said.

Hizbullah said its guerrillas ambushed an Israeli patrol, wounding several soldiers.

On Thursday, a senior Lebanese foreign ministry official rejected as "blackmail" a warning by Israel's proxy South Lebanon Army of Israeli retaliation if Hizbullah stepped up attacks. — Reuter.

Belgian denies murder link

Guy Mathot, a former Belgian government minister, denied yesterday any part in the murder of fellow socialist and ex-minister André Cools in 1991.

Mr Mathot, who resigned over a bribery scandal, denounced the allegation, made by an anonymous witness to police in Liège. — Reuter.

Serengeti attacks

Gunmen shot dead a hotel cashier in Arusha, northern Tanzania, three days after heavily armed bandits ambushed 25 Italian and American tourists in nearby Seren-

geti National Park. The killing confirms a mounting security problem in and around the park. — Reuter.

Pupils crushed

Children rushing to attend a school flag-raising ceremony in Yunnan stampeded over each other, crushing 24 to death and injuring 74, China's state media reported yesterday. — AP.

Cocaine deal

The government has offered cash to peasants in Colombia's Cauca state who destroy their crops of coca, an ingredient of cocaine, and agreed to improve roads, health care and education, in an effort to end protests by

the growers. Meanwhile, Carlos Lemos Simmonds, the ambassador to Britain, has been nominated to replace the sacked vice-president, Humberto de la Calle. — AP.

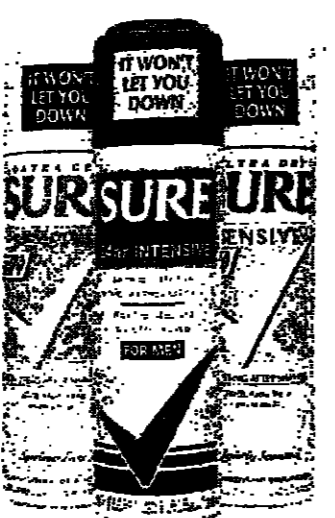
Israeli road ban

The Israeli army has banned Palestinians from using a new road between Jerusalem and a West Bank settlement near Hebron, saying it is for Israelis only, writes *Jessica Berry* in *Jerusalem*.

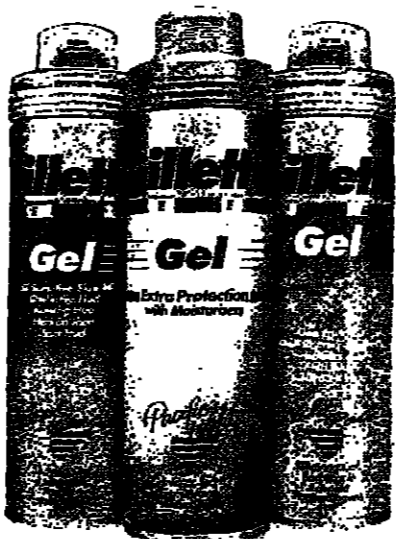
Questionable taste

Animal saliva, urine and embalming fluids are among the ingredients Bangkok health inspectors found in food sold on the city's streets, an official said yesterday. — AP.

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IRAQ CRISIS: Barzani savours the north's new lease of life • Immediate attack unlikely, says cautious Pentagon

Kurds make light of victory's price

Who can believe 'tactical' alliance with Baghdad has no strings? asks **David Hirst** in Salahuddin

THROUGHOUT their national struggle the Kurds have been plagued by their Jash, or "little donkeys", the renegades who fight for the central governments that oppress them.

But a university professor, wondering whether to go into exile or return to Irbil, asks: "Is it possible that the miracle has occurred, that for once in our history, we have used our oppressor as our Jash, and sent him home after finishing with his services?"

All 3 million inhabitants of Iraqi Kurdistan must be asking such questions after the region's most radical upheaval since it came into being under Western protection in the aftermath of Desert Storm.

By sending his troops into Irbil and then withdrawing them, has Saddam Hussein

inadvertently given a new lease of life to the first experiment in self-rule that the Kurds have ever enjoyed — or has he precipitated its collapse? Will he stay out of Kurdistan, perhaps even fall under the United States Cruise missile raids he has provoked — or is he on his way back to full control?

Massoud Barzani's Kurdistan Democratic Party (KDP) responds to such questions with an outward confidence. Since Mr Barzani's father, the legendary Mullah Mustafa, founded the party 50 years ago, it has dominated the Kurdish national struggle. It has now inflicted shattering, probably final, defeat on its great rival since the 1990s, Jalal Talabani's Patriotic Union of Kurdistan (PUK).

This time, with Tehran as its backer, the PUK posed such a threat that the KDP

feared for its existence. So Mr Barzani called in President Saddam. "He has finally graduated in a very hard school of politics, and he applied the first rule — get your enemy before he gets you," a sympathiser said.

The Iraqi army's assault on the PUK-held "capital" of "Free" Kurdistan was the decisive factor in its defeat. But even the KDP is incredulous at the ease and speed with which, after the Iraqi withdrawal, its own fighters drove the PUK from its stronghold in the Sulaymaniyah region.

It is the first time a single leadership has ruled over so many Kurds. Mr Barzani is a respected leader in whom his people are predisposed to re-invest the hopes that two years of civil war have all but extinguished.

"The upshot of all this is to everyone's advantage — both

ourselves and the West," says Abdul Rahman, an aide to Mr Barzani. "We have been devoting our energies and resources to destroying each other. Now we are free to rebuild."

Mr Barzani has promised to resume those tasks that frustrated his father: building democratic institutions, a single professional army and an administration.

But what was the real price the KDP paid for this less than glorious victory? None at all, KDP leaders insist. It was not a political deal, but a limited tactical one.

Besides, they say, President Saddam has benefited greatly. He has split the international community and embarrassed pro-Western Arab regimes. He has, on the face of it, undermined the status assigned to the Kurdish "safe haven" by the US strategy of containment. And he now has what the Western media call an Iraqi-backed Kurdish ally, Karim Sijar, head of KDP security, said: "None of this

was really at our expense. After all, didn't we drive out the Mukhabarat?" — the feared Iraqi secret police who infiltrated Irbil in the wake of the army.

It appears that they did. United Nations personnel confirm that the Mukhabarat have no visible presence in the Kurdish enclave. Their retreat is a real plus for the KDP, and a relief to the population.

Yet most people are far from reassured. They doubt that President Saddam would have served as the KDP's Jash for no return. Their scepticism stems in part from a loss of confidence in political leaders as a result of civil war and corruption.

A Kurdish aid worker said: "I trust Massoud more than anyone else, but when I saw those Mukhabarat in Range Rovers and pick-ups roaming around Irbil, I said to myself that the future is black and unknown. Maybe Massoud felt he had no choice but it was for his party not for us."



Massoud Barzani: Looking on the bright side after graduating in hard politics

Illusioned seize on any signs of it. The Iraqi army has not withdrawn to its original positions. A regiment is dug in just north of the 36th parallel. While that has no military significance, it has a profound symbolic and psychological one.

"We are here and we shall remain", that is what Saddam is saying, a UN security officer said.

Even positive developments are suspect. People would normally have rejoiced at Baghdad's announcement on Thursday that it was lifting the embargo on the north. But they saw it as a harbinger of President Saddam's creeping penetration.

Their fear is that the KDP will be forced to negotiate a deal with the Iraqi regime, and that, without a rival party to discredit him, Mr Barzani will give more than he was prepared to do in 1992 — the last time he went to Baghdad. He will be in an even weaker position if the West withdraws the aerial

protection of Operation Provide Comfort.

There is also fear that the US will use Mr Barzani's supposed alliance with the desert against whom it was protecting the Kurds as a pretext for abandoning them.

Conscious of past Western betrayals (such as the silence over President Saddam's use of chemical weapons) Mr Barzani says the US put the Kurds in an impossible position — "condemned to be both an enemy of Iraq and part of it at the same time". It failed to protect the "safe haven" against two regional tormentors — Turkey and Iran — thereby creating the conditions in which the KDP turned to Baghdad.

If the KDP rebuilds its relationship with the US, Mr Barzani will be enabled to hold back from the fateful embrace with President Saddam which he clearly abhors. With a renewal of Western support, he might just prove to his people that he really did use Saddam Hussein as his Jash.



Kurdish children play in a mudhole in Irbil, northern Iraq, as life returns to normal after the recent fighting. Officials in the city, which was taken by Massoud Barzani's KDP, are trying to restore electricity and water. PHOTOGRAPH: JOCKEL FINCK

US rejects concession from Iraq on no-fly zone

Martin Walker in Washington and Ian Black in London

IRAQ sought to fend off the threat of American air attacks last night, announcing in a statement from Tariq Aziz, the deputy prime minister, that it would, from midnight Baghdad time, abide by the rules of the expanded no-fly zones and stop challenging allied warplanes entering it.

The immediate response from the United States to what had apparently begun as a Russian initiative with Baghdad was sceptical. "Actions speak louder than words," said Mike McCurry, the White House spokesman. The US is wary of cat-and-mouse tactics by President Saddam Hussein — and an apparent retreat just as the F-117A Stealth warplanes landed in Kuwait.

The US also firmly rejected an Iraqi plea for "dialogue with America", carried in an official newspaper yesterday. "We never rule out dialogue. But I don't know what we could reasonably talk about to Saddam Hussein," said Nicholas Burns, the state department spokesman.

Mr Clinton and his top advisers agreed on a new diplomatic offensive yesterday to pre-empt international condemnation for the air strikes being prepared by the gathering US armada in the Gulf.

As the eight Stealth warplanes landed at Kuwait's al-Jaber airbase, Pentagon officials warned against expecting an immediate

attack, and US diplomats tried to repair the shredded Gulf war coalition.

China added its voice to international opposition and called for restraint, and France issued another statement distancing itself from Washington. France even praised Baghdad's dialogue with the Kurds as Strobe Talbott, the deputy secretary of state, arrived in Paris to sell Mr Clinton's aggressive policy.

A second US aircraft carrier task force, led by the USS Enterprise, and two reinforcement squadrons of F-16 fighter jets, were on the way to the Gulf yesterday, Pentagon sources spoke of "an intensive period of studying targets and preparing assets", rather than immediate attacks at the weekend.

As US officials made clear that substantial punitive strikes were planned, and Baghdad might not be spared this time, Britain sounded another lone note of support.

US sources said targets were being chosen to inflict maximum damage on key military installations and headquarters.

Closer to the confrontation zone, Turkey publicly distanced itself from any role in the air strikes, confirming

fears that the northern no-fly zone, which is patrolled from the Turkish base at Incirlik, cannot survive much longer.

Apart from Britain and Kuwait, no other member of the Gulf war coalition has expressed support for the US military action.

Saudi Arabia, a launch pad for the 1991 war, distanced itself from the Cruise attacks and said that if Washington had asked to use its bases for the operations it would have refused.

In Paris yesterday, Jacques Rummelhardt, the foreign ministry spokesman, urged Iraq not to shoot at allied aircraft, but praised talks with local leaders in Kurdish areas captured by guerrillas backed by Baghdad.

Describing the situation in Kurdistan as stable, he said: "The opening of a dialogue between Kurdish leaders and Baghdad is an important step on the road towards normalisation in the north."

Baghdad, meanwhile, kept up its way of words against the US. Mr Aziz said his country would not bow to US sabre-rattling.

"The Americans are not satisfied with equal international relations. They want everything. They are leaving us no choice but to resist," he said in an interview on Russian television.

The Washington Post adds: Bowing to US pressure, the Turkish government agreed to allow about 2,500 Iraqi Kurds to pass through Turkey as part of an American plan to evacuate the former US employees and their families from northern Iraq.

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Florida buzzing over alien cure

Ian Katz in New York

ALIENS have already landed in almost every sphere of American culture. Now, it seems, they are poised to invade politics too.

The usually sedate political scene of Volusia County in south-east Florida became the focus of national attention this week when a county councillor said on television that aliens had cured her of cancer.

Lynne Plaskett, a 46-year-old mother of six, said she hoped her confession would not hurt her chances at the polls when she stands for re-election in November.

"Everyone who has called has said 'You know I really believe what happened. You have a lot of guts coming out,'" she said.

The county seat of Deland was rocked when she announced on television that her breast cancer had been cured after an 8-inch disc appeared in her room and hovered over her body.

She said she heard a buzzing sound and the room filled with fog. "I knew it wasn't God and I knew it wasn't of this earth, or anything I'm familiar with."

Several days later, Ms Plaskett said, doctors found that a tumour on her lung had shrunk dramatically. Doctors were mystified by the speed of her recovery, she said.

Although Ms Plaskett's close encounter was greeted with derision by some of her council colleagues, it could prove to be an electoral asset.

Thousands of Americans are convinced that they have been abducted by aliens. In a recent Gallup poll, 47 per cent of respondents said they believed aliens had visited the earth.

Susan MacMannus, a political scientist at Florida University, said: "Some people may vote for her as a result of what they perceive to be an honest and courageous announcement about what happened to her."

Ms Plaskett's rival, Jim Ward, said he would not make aliens an election issue: "I'd rather compete with her on the campaign issues than these extraterrestrial things."

It is always rewarding to hear businessmen and Conservatives warn us that something will cause job-losses. For a moment they are forced to sound as though they care.

Jeremy Hardy

The Week, page 15

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James Gulliver

Gulliver's travails



Gulliver... takeover victim

JIMMY Gulliver, who has died from a heart attack aged 66, started life as a grocer's son in the Mull of Kintyre and rose to head the Argyl Group, one of the nation's supergrocers...

Alistair Grant was firmly at the helm. Grant, who continues to acknowledge his debt to Gulliver in learning the business of both groceries and takeovers, said at the time: "We felt let down. It was a serious difficulty, being unaware of that problem, after working with somebody for 20 years."

The company was particularly big in Scotland and, given Gulliver's roots in a town which was once home to 20 distilleries, it was perhaps not surprising that they should look towards the whisky industry for expansion.

First, they swallowed Associated Distillers Ltd. However, the whole which this relative minor then set its sights on was the vast Distillers Company with its vast range of household name products. The Argyl bid was audacious, inviting shareholders in Distillers to exchange their shares for new ones in Argyl and thereby put Gulliver, Grant and Webster in charge.

Mercury Asset Management backed the idea but the blue-chip board of Distillers hated it. They turned to Guinness as an alternative and after the most ruthless of battles for the hearts and minds of Distillers shareholders, the matter was settled when Mercury sold the shareholding they had built up in the company in the market to a buyer who turned out to be Guinness in disguise.

Canon G B Bentley The Church's family man

RYAN Bentley, who has died aged 87, was Canon of St George's Chapel, Windsor, for a quarter of a century but, most significantly, he made a major contribution to the direction of Church of England thinking on marriage and sexual ethics.

His work as a moral theologian began to flourish at Lincoln Theological College in the 1930s. A member of a brilliant constellation of teaching staff, Bryan Bentley was well qualified to hold his place in this glittering array with firsts at Cambridge in classics and theology.

Elizabeth Eyre de Lanux

Simple art of extravagance

THE American Art Deco designer, painter, illustrator and writer Elizabeth Eyre de Lanux, who took tea with Gertrude Stein, was photographed by Man Ray, and knew Ernest Hemingway, has died aged 102.

Born Elizabeth Eyre in Johnstown, Pennsylvania, her uncle, Wilson Eyre was a leading architect in Philadelphia, and she studied painting at the Art Students League in Manhattan. In New York in 1918 she met and married Pierre de Lanux. One week after the Armistice, she accompanied him to Paris where he was working at the League of Nations.

Art Deco ébénistes with the rational, plain interiors of the Modernists. Their colour schemes were simple — terracotta red or "havana" brown with white, grey and black — and relied on the different textures of grained wood, lacquer, cowhide or ponyskin, leather, slate, amber and roughly-knotted rugs.



Eyre de Lanux in Paris in the 1920s wearing a coat made by artist Sonia Delaunay

viewer that, rather than write about design and decoration, as a painter, Eyre de Lanux should be doing it herself. As Gray became increasingly preoccupied with architectural schemes, Wyld and Eyre de Lanux collaborated on a series of commissions and exhibitions, working from Wyld's atelier in the rue Visconti, an apartment which had once belonged to Balzac.

In 1928 they unveiled their first room-setting at the Salon des Artistes Décorateurs. Subsequently they contributed to several annual exhibitions including the Salon d'Automne and the Union des Artistes Modernes, formed in 1930 by a breakaway group of more modernist designers.

In 1932, the two women opened a gallery in an old wine shop in Paris, in the rue de Valenciennes, but it was not a success. Wyld retired to her house in the hills behind Cannes. Eyre de Lanux moved on to Italy. She never worked again as a decorator.

In 1964, her eyesight began to fail. Her final letters to me — often containing a bead, a feather, a mother-of-pearl fish, or some other token — ceased. The last time I called her in New York, she asked me not to visit because she deplored her condition. Yet she continued to live alone in her tiny apartment in East 58th Street, crammed

with books, photographs, paintings, sculpture and whatever else intrigued her. Her good friend, the late Midge Garland, Lady Ashton said Eyre was "very beautiful but had no discipline and never stuck at anything". Perhaps her misanthropy was too curious, too alive — always searching for elusive and revealing connections rather

than merely following a straight line. Eyre de Lanux is survived by a daughter, Anne Strong, and two grandsons. Isabelle Ancombe Elizabeth Eyre de Lanux, designer, artist and writer, born March, 1894; died September 8, 1996

Peter Phillips Hot metal, cool head

TO BE a printer in post-war Fleet Street was one of the world's thankless tasks. Peter Phillips, who has died aged 67, held the job at the Guardian from 1975 until 1987, when the paper switched to new technology after Murdoch's demarche wrote *finis* to a technology that had lasted in its basics almost exactly 400 years from Caxton.

Printer in the industry, means head printer. In Fleet Street that meant dealing with a workforce hired, not by him, but by the union bosses. It was a position of incredible stress, but one to which he was suited both because of his calm temperament and his training ever since joining the Guardian in 1962 he had been the composing room tracker, which meant that when the print unions put in a bill for piece rate working, he would assess it against the rates of the printer (9pt type, which was the basic text face).

Face to Faith

Time to bring God back into religion

THE Jewish High Holy Days, consisting of Rosh Hashanah and Yom Kippur, the Jewish New Year and the Day of Atonement, are upon us, and with them comes introspection about our faith and religious commitment. Religion is foremost about forging and maintaining relationships between man and his fellow man, and between God and man. Among the most curious items about modern-day religion is the sad fact that many individuals who are religiously observant, even some deeply so, are not necessarily spiritual. A spiritual individual is a man or woman who walks with God, and whom God accompanies at all times. Holiness is a measure of God's presence within a place, or individual, and in modern times He appears distant from even religious life.

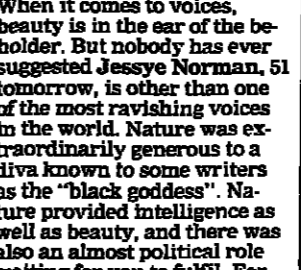
It seems that modern-day man has lost sight of the ultimate objective of belief, preferring instead to define religion as a quasi form of piety. To be sure, religion is the most active force in developing latent human goodness, and I believe there to be no extant ideologies that can better impel man to lead a life of altruism more than faith. And yet religious creeds are severely misrepresented when their highest calling is reduced to practising kindness and tolerance. Rather, religion at its most powerful unites God and man. Homo sapiens is that human whose religious convictions enable him to transcend mortal limitations and create an intimate relationship with the Infinite. Our call today must be to bring God back into religion, lest religion itself become yet another false deity.

The great Jewish mystical master, Rabbi Mendel of Kotz, once asked his students to point out where God is. Everywhere, they replied. "No, God is wherever we let Him in," was his comment. Prayer is that door which allows God to enter our lives. To supplicate God with even our most basic needs is to invite God to be a partner in every human undertaking. We, who purport to speak in the name of religion, are guilty of neglecting our communication with God. Our belief in the redemptive power of prayer has waned. The Jewish medieval scholar, Maimonides, declared that what is inherent in the obligation to pray is for man to wake every morning, and to go humbly before his God to declare his basic necessities, thereby acknowledging his ultimate dependency upon his Creator. We pretend today that we do

not need anybody and stubbornly refuse to acknowledge any dependency. Thus we find ourselves going through a turbulent cycle of faltering marriages, strained relationships with parents and siblings, and falling out with friends — all because we feel that we are good enough on our own. Maybe this is why we don't pray with the same fervour as our ancestors. Because our society has evolved to such heights of technological excellence and wealth creation, we no longer feel the same dependency on God. We have abandoned prayer in favour of human ability and effort. THE simple yet profound prayer liturgy of the Jewish High Holy Days is a clarion call, reminding us that no human exertion will amount to anything without that most precious gift of life itself. We humbly proclaim God's sovereignty and acknowledge His ability to bestow life and longevity to His liking. The most famous of all the High Holy Day prayers, Unesana Tokaf, written by the medieval Jewish martyr Rabbi Amnon as he lay dying in agony, spells out the message with terrifying simplicity: "On the new year it is inscribed who shall live and who shall die, who shall live out his allotted time and who shall depart before his time... who shall be humbled and who shall be exalted." Prayer is like a searchlight which focuses on and illumines what really is important in life. It sensitises us to the elevated nature of even the minutiae of being and points out God's hidden hand in every aspect of creation. In the final analysis, while homo religiosus is defined as a man who lives his life in accordance with religious law, the spiritual man is he whose devout training and engagement in prayer has sensitised him to experience God in all that he undertakes and to see God wherever he looks. No wonder, then, that prayer has always been associated with hope. Because when we perceive God behind all empirical events, we cannot help, but feel comforted that He has never abandoned us. In prayer we first learn to approach God, and through this to re-establish our relationship with our fellow man is well. The chorus of human voices in prayer, then, is the bridge that unites not just God and His creation, but all of humanity as well. Rabbi Shmuel Boteach is director of the Oxford L'Chaim Society

Weekend Birthdays

When it comes to voices, beauty is in the ear of the beholder. But nobody has ever suggested Jessye Norman, 51 tomorrow, is other than one of the most ravishing voices in the world. Nature was extraordinarily generous to a diva known to some writers as the "black goddess". Nature provided intelligence as well as beauty, and there was also an almost political role waiting for you to fulfil. For you were the latest, but perhaps the most potent and spell-binding in a line of black singers — black women singing especially. All of you had to perform an unfortunately necessary task in achieving respect and acceptance and cultural recognition for your genius and skill. Sailing on stage in a shimmer of tulle, your hair a crown for a face, the urgency and totality of your musical commitment, appeals mightily to the collectors of great divas. Yet, always more important than what fans applaud are your assurance and technical security, your sheer stature as a serious artist, able to evoke pain and terror as well as joy and humour. Thank you Jessye for opening our minds as well as our hearts.



Today's birthdays: Paul Alford, cricketer, 40; Amanda Baxby, actress, 57; Bill Berry, jazz musician, 66; Denis Betts, rugby league footballer, 37; Sandra Blow, painter, 71; Lord Cledwyn of Penrhos CB, former Labour minister, 80; Prof John Coales, electrical engineer, 88; Sir James Cobban, educationalist, 86; Vice-Admiral Sir William Crawford, 88; Terence Donovan, writer and feminist campaigner, 62; Sir Angus Ogilvy, president, Imperial Cancer Research Fund, 68; Air Marshal Sir Frederick Sowrey, 74; Ray Williams, footballer, 38; Nicol Williamson, actor, 58; Martin Wyld, head of conservation, National Gallery, 52.

Tomorrow's other birthdays

Prince Henry of Wales, 12; Rafael Aronell, composer, 75; Charles Bone, mural and watercolour painter, 70; Prof John Russell Brown, stage director, 78; Eva Burrows, General of the Salvation Army, 67; Jackie Cooper, actor, 74; Dame Sylvia Crowe, landscape architect, 95; Phyllis Cunningham, chief executive, Royal Marsden Hospital, 63; Prof Brian Fender, chief executive, Higher Education Funding Council, 62; Rafael Frubbeck de Burgoa, actor, 63; Dr Richard Gordon, novelist, 75; John Julius Norwich, writer and broadcaster, 67; Mike Procter, cricketer, 50; Lady (Mary) Soames, writer, chairman, Royal National Theatre, 74; Oliver Stone, film director, 50; Graham Taylor, football manager, 52.

Memorial Services

TOM WAKEFIELD, a memorial service to celebrate the life and work of Tom Wakefield will be held on Tuesday 24 September at St James's Church, Piccadilly and afterwards at the church.

Vertical advertisement on the left side of the page with various promotional text including 'price', 'concession', and 'free'.

Blair and the TUC
It should never be the same again

IN 1900, when the Labour Party was formed, fewer than three men in every five had the vote, women did not have the vote at all, and the legal rights of working people and their organisations were vestigial.

There are many reasons why Labour has failed to carry these achievements as far in the second half of the 20th century as it managed to do in the first. Nevertheless, there can be little dispute that Labour's failure to make itself into what Harold Wilson called the natural party of government is bound up with its long inability to extend its support sufficiently beyond the labour movement from which it originally sprang.

Everyone who is anxious to end the long years of Conservative government is well aware of this continuing problem, and so are most (though not all) people who are active in both the unions and the party. Many things have been done to modernise a relationship which only a complete conservative would argue should remain untouched.

This is not a relationship in which everything that the party does is good and everything that the unions do is bad. But it is without question a relationship which needs to change and which needs to evolve still further if Labour is either to succeed in forming a new majority or to deserve to do so.

All week, the TUC conference at Blackpool has echoed to this still unresolved argument. The fact that the squalls took place so noisily shows that the two partners have not yet evolved the kind of relationship which would best benefit them both and which the country generally desires.

In praise of genius

An unlikely best-seller and its modern moral

ALL can't be wrong with the world when a book about the measurement of longitude reaches the number one spot in the best sellers. Written by an American, Dava Sobel, it chronicles the extraordinary story of how the British parliament passed the Longitude Act of 1714 promising a prize of £20,000 (worth millions today) to solve a problem that had baffled scientists for centuries.

The Longitude Act sparked a Klondikian rush for a solution that attracted everyone from charlatans to the best minds of the age — including Galileo, Newton and Halley. But while the scientific establishment was looking at the stars for a solution, a lone British inventor — John Harrison, a self-educated carpenter — cracked it by building the first clock that worked with precision at sea.

It is surely time to establish the equivalent of the Longitude Prize to accelerate the solution of a similar problem of benefit to humanity with favourable economic consequences. Whether that problem should be related to AIDS, cancer, cheap renewable energy, a unifying theory of the universe, how to get a market economy to expand in an equitable way or any other suggestion is less important at this stage than in establishing the principle of the prize itself.

Oasis

An Apology

IN THE Guardian yesterday we carried a number of articles which may have given the impression that the relationship between Liam and Noel Gallagher was under strain and that they had agreed to separate.

Letters to the Editor

Arkan: I am no war criminal

I WRITE to reply to certain matters raised by Julian Borger, principally in two recent articles (UK funds Serb war criminal, September 5, and Corners cut in race to stage Bosnian polls, September 6).

the Serb people in their fight against this threat. Julian Borger is, however, wrong to refer to me as an extreme nationalist. Yes, I am a Serb and proud of that and of the Serb heritage. It is also true that my party, the Serbian Unity Party, advocates the development of close links with Serbia.

Expelled and sent to Coventry

I WAS shocked at the proposals put forward by the National Association of Head Teachers (NAHT) that parents' right to an independent appeal be removed if the school's head, governors and the local education authority agreed that the child was unduly disruptive.

The recent Ofsted report found that African and Caribbean pupils were "six times more likely to be expelled than their white peers." Whatever the colour of the children, I have come across bias, muddled evidence, or none at all, hidden motives and a general disregard (or ignorance) of rules of natural justice.

Children with "special needs" are to flourish in mainstream education. This, money, training and a change of attitude on the part of the general public and the Government are urgently required.

Past the post

YOU report that the Government is aiming to create a scars for homeowners over mortgages. Funny, I thought they had already done that.

ON Thursday my "morning" post arrived at 5.20pm. Is this a record? Ian Turner, 12 Church Street, Melbourne, Derbyshire DE73 1EJ.

NOTE that Prince Charles is contributing to the unification of the English language. Someone should stop this monstrous carbonarism before it is too late.

THE Church really wants to celebrate both the birth and death of Christ properly. (Letters, September 6, 11, 12 and 13) surely it should be on a 32-year cycle.

THERE is no mystery about Norma Major's participation in her husband's electioneering. Mr Major only had to remind her that if the Conservatives lose the next election, he would be spending more time at home.

WE should be grateful to Oasis for one thing. They have given the next election a busker some new material to give us all a rest from Bob Dylan.

Waste not want

YOUR correspondence on the new landfill tax (Letters, September 11 and 12) raises some points that deserve clarification.

Landfill tax, from October 1, will contribute to the Government's strategy for the sustainable management of waste. It seeks to increase the cost of landfill in order better to reflect its environmental impact.

AMBRIDGE is tame. In our North Yorkshire hamlet a farmer tried to sell the village world's poorest nations is even deeper in debt. A fitting millennium celebration would be to cancel those debts by the year 2000, rather than building towers in the air.

WHAT a shame that we can't consider the Third World rather than a skyscraper in our bid to celebrate the millennium. In the 1970s, Western banks lent huge sums to those countries hoping to boost exports and make a profit.

Strife in the country

I AM glad The Archers is being broadened in scope to reflect life away from a cosy middle-class English village. With a bit of luck, its shift will allow it to achieve its rightful place alongside Neighbours and EastEnders.

SIR NORMAN Foster's grandiose scheme (Letters, September 10, 11) resembles two toes on a webbed foot, with the two diverging towers held together by a thin structure.

IF Sir Norman Foster had argued that it was essential to build high in order to provide ample working space for the anticipated workforce, his argument might have merit. As it is, he is merely arguing that the building should overawe its occupants' foreign competitors.

ment effectively on our shortcomings. It has been said that the reason that teachers are so criticised is that everyone has been to school thus enabling them to offer an "expert" opinion. I've given birth but it doesn't make me a midwife.

I AM glad Peter Wilson (Letters, September 12) points out that African and Caribbean pupils were "six times more likely to be expelled than their white peers." Whatever the colour of the children, I have come across bias, muddled evidence, or none at all, hidden motives and a general disregard (or ignorance) of rules of natural justice.

TEACHERS should certainly behave like professionals. However, from time to time situations arise which in their view make it impossible for them to maintain the standards expected of them. They are then faced with a choice of whether to allow the pupils responsible for this situation to paralyse an entire class, or to limit the damage by attempting to have those pupils removed.

SA teacher in an inner-city primary school I can assure Meg Henderson that despite budget cuts, insidious effects of league tables, disinterested parents, pressures of Ofsted and negative press reports there are still plenty of us who will move heaven and earth to help all the children we meet. Why? Well either we're masochists or perhaps we actually like children.

A Country Diary

ANGLESEY: Here again, traversing the unmapped east coast north of Dulas Bay. Atlantic grey seals watched our passing from the green swells where submarine coves of wracks waved their arms.

By the time we'd turned the corner of the Principality that this high lump of north-eastern moorland, a rounded peninsula culminating in the stony top of Mynydd Eilian. The common fleabane glids the sheep tracks still, on the green sward tilting above the shining sea. One or two airy traverses round rock spires and hanging butresses brought us to easy ground the narrowing sand-beach at Porthgwichiaid and the

Some might say Britpop's dysfunctional



Mark Lawson

HAVING always sought comparison with the Beatles, Oasis may have finally and indisputably matched one achievement of the group that so shadowed their ambitions: splitting up.

Artistic collaboration has always been a problematic business. From the Beatles and Monty Python via Simon & Garfunkel, Woody and Mia, Ike and Tina to the Police and Newman & Baddiel, the creative duo or group has been

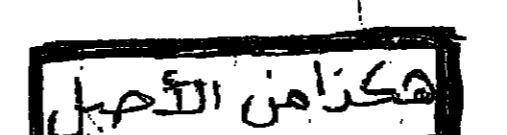
prone to, at best, simmering resentments and, at worst, total communication breakdown and physical violence. Indeed, the life cycle of cultural co-operation is clearly established: struggle; success; split up.

In the case of the Gallagher brothers, the creative disagreements, nearly inevitable when two people share a stage, were fatally complicated by genes and background. Even the Osmonds — raised in American mid-western comfort as strict Mormons — were not immune from the difficulties of trying to share both blood and lime-light, so pity the Gallaghers, poor working-class Mancunians from a broken home.

not among the biggest-selling albums of all time but is the fastest-selling (just as John Grisham is the fastest-selling novelist) in a media world of hard-type and low-stamina, everything happens quicker and so even the band's self-destruction was fast-track.

The scale of the media coverage has also been unprecedented. Middle-aged press executives who would sack the literary editor if he suggested a symposium on whether Salman Rushdie was better than Dickens, and would send the political correspondent on emergency gardening leave if he filed a point-by-point comparison of Gladstone and Ashdown, were happy enough to print detailed check-lists in the no less ludicrous Beatles-Oasis showdown.

In the early days of television in Britain, the medium was seen by ideologists as a "common culture", the one art which might transcend class and generational divides to bring the population together before the same event. Old telly types still talk mistily of the days when — allegedly — the whole nation would be talking in the morning about the same programme shown the night before. Video recorders and multi-channel broadcasting have removed the tube's claim to the mas-



Bosnians' choice: it's vote or die

Commentary
Martin Woollacott

HERE comes the charade, sham, fraud, or shameful joke — take your pick of the epithets used just in recent days to characterise them — of the Bosnian elections. It has become wearisome to enumerate the ways in which they fall short of anything approaching democracy, and in which they will tend toward partition and the rehabilitation of criminals, killers and politicians of the worst kind.

We have Radovan Karadzic and Ratko Mladic leering in the background, their portraits waved about at recent meetings in spite of the strictures of the electoral authorities. We have Croatian thugs just barely contained in Mostar. Forensic teams unearth fresh bodies, almost certainly those of Srebrenica Muslims massacred by Serbs, as the schemes to have displaced Serbs vote in formerly Muslim localities, like Srebrenica, come to fruition. The Muslim dead are in the graves, the Muslim living are far from home, and the Serbian votes are in the ballot box.

There had to be a date, however, because Clinton's own elections demanded Bosnian elections as a guarantee that American troops could be withdrawn. The Clinton administration had itself drawn up the code — evident American interests, no troops under UN command, and a definite exit plan — which deprived it and America's allies, and Bosnia, of the flexibility needed. The package of troops, aid, and elections is a particularly American package. It appears because it combines American values in an attractive way: the power of the armed forces, the importance of money, business, and prosperity in creating the conditions for normal politics, and, finally, the democratic ritual of the vote.

None of this is exactly wrong in principle, but it is wrong headed in practice. The troops operate under unspoken conditions that shield them from confrontation or, worse still, actual fighting, and which prevent them, for instance, from arresting war criminals or imposing freedom of movement. The aid money, much of it, ends up in the hands of the locally powerful, who are the same people who ran the war. The elections, worst of all, become a

test for the powers that be, a test of their control of the population. This was always the function of elections in communist and other authoritarian states. The regime demonstrates control, the people affirm that control. If there are failures of control — a less than adequate turnout, oblique hints of criticism in the press, faint applause — it shows that the cadres have not done their job, or that there are factional differences among the rulers. There may be shifts of policy, both coercive and conciliatory, later, after the election. The staging of displays of affirmation is one of the characteristic activities of one-party regimes.

It is a form of gymnastics that the main Bosnian parties have continued from the old days and at which they are practised, although they differ somewhat in the degree of course for himself and his family. Provoke the local "protectors" or propitiate them? Take a chance on a challenger or stick with the bosses he knows? If he chooses the latter course he will often persuade himself that the leaders are worthy of his loyalty and their policies right and proper, that he is not doing it, in other words, just because he is scared. The anger, frustration, and secret shame is displaced on to other ethnic groups or on to foreign meddlers.

Price and power



Martin Kettle

THUNDERING off the runway at Farnborough last weekend, the Eurofighter 2000 was certainly the loudest aircraft in my experience. And one of the most exciting. As well as one of the most expensive.

even more relevance, who needs it? Certainly not France, which long ago baled out of a project which it was only interested in dominating. And, crucially, not Germany either. Germany has always been extremely lukewarm about the Eurofighter, partly because it has a much clearer view of the post-Cold War world than Britain, partly because it was quicker to question the viability of the project in the age of the missile, and partly because even Germany couldn't afford it.

Two new books by George Walden and Melanie Phillips take on Britain's educational policy of 'apartheid' from the right and the left. John Gray wonders when our politicians and thinkers will proclaim selective education for the virtue that it really is



'I'll play George Walden, you be Melanie Phillips, and the one with the most devastating critique of liberalism wins'

Grasping the nettle

IN THE raucous political debate about education there is one curious area of silence. No one mentions private schools. A generation ago it was a defining issue between the parties. Labour argued that Britain could not be a classless society so long as it contained privileged independent schools. The Tories held that private education was an expression of the freedom of people to spend their own money as they choose.

Both sides accepted that what governments do about private schooling will make a large difference to the sort of country we live in. The issue between them was not settled. It was too fundamental to be resolved in the culture of compromise that ruled British politics before Thatcher came to power. But Britain's two-tier schooling system did not vanish from political discourse. It remained a bitterly contested territory in the national debate about education.

There is a tacit educational settlement in Britain, whereby a privileged private sector flourishes in comfortable coexistence with underperforming state schools. This settlement has always been anomalous. Its persistence now is an absurdity — particularly for New Labour. It is one of New Labour's axioms that there cannot be economic renewal in Britain without educational reform. In a world in which more than ever before, knowledge and skills make the difference between national wealth and poverty, no economic policy can compensate for poor schools.

selection by merit is prohibited in the state sector and an affluent minority chooses to buy its children out of it? In these circumstances there is a fundamental conflict between New Labour's meritocratic schemes and the freedom of opportunity and Old Labour egalitarian opposition to selection in state schools.

Walden makes unambiguously clear that he does not favour abolition of private schools. Instead he advocates policies that encourage private schools gradually to join the state sector. He demands the abolition of the grubby and costly — on current projections around £200 million a year — Assisted Places Scheme. Departing from both Tory and New Labour orthodoxies, he urges that an extra £5 billion a year be spent on state schools.

It should be clear to everyone that a far-reaching shift of educational theory and practice is under way in Britain. The experience of a generation is being radically reassessed. It is a process not without its own risks. In All Must Have Prizes (Little Brown, £17.50), Melanie Phillips has launched a fierce and wide-ranging attack on the teaching methods and social philosophy which — she claims — have damaged British education over the past 30 years.



£10 BUYS A CHAIN CUTTER

He's chained up through his sensitive nose and made to walk on red hot plates, whilst the back of his legs are hit in time to music. Onlookers taunt him and force him to drink beer. Why? Because they're teaching him to 'dance' for tourists who pay to watch his agonising waltz.

YES, I WANT TO CUT THE CHAINS!
Name _____
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Here is my donation of £ _____
Please send this completed form and your donation to: WSPA, Dept. AL55, Treppel, H42004, Northampton, NN3 6BR. No stamp is needed. THANK YOU. Registered Charity No. 282908

country Diary

functions

political philosopher and commentator formerly

THIS WEEK'S ESSAYIST, John Gray, is a Fellow of Jesus College, Oxford, and a

favoured by the new right but now one of its most articulate critics. His books include Beyond The Book of Rights and Enlightenment's Wake (both published by Routledge), and he writes regularly on the Guardian's comment pages

World Society for the Protection of Animals

10 EUROPEAN BUSINESS

IAN TRAYNOR in Oberhausen asks if Germans will buy a US-style temple to consumerism

Uber mall

CentrO in the Ruhr Valley is Europe's largest shopping centre



Facts and figures

- September 1994: First foundation stone laid
- September 1996: CentrO opening
- Shopping centre: 70,000 sq m total retail space, 3km of shop fronts, approx 200 shops
- Leisure park: Size: 80,000 sq m, 51,500 roses, shrubs and trees, 1,850 mature trees
- Arena: 11,500 seating capacity
- Business park: Size: 110,000 sq m
- Total investment: Public & private funds: DM2bn (£0.88bn)
- Shopping centre: DM900m
- Leisure park: DM70m
- Business park: DM300m
- Transport access: Free parking for 10,500 cars, 30 million people can reach CentrO within 2 hours



Tasters... Shoppers sample Americana with a British finish in the 220-shop CentrO. The developers project a market of about 30 million consumers PHOTOGRAPH: KARL-HEINZ KREFFELTS

Welcome to the leisure zone

THE champagne flowed, the male voice choirs sang their hearts out, and the bright new world of a consumer paradise arose from the bones of the heavy industrial past.

"A momentous day", "a unique partnership between government and the private sector", "the most exciting regeneration project in Europe". Such were the exclamations at the mall's opening ceremony. On Thursday in the depressed town of Oberhausen in the Ruhr, Germany's industrial heartland, CentrO was born.

A temple to post-industrial consumption, CentrO is the biggest shopping centre in Europe and built in a country and a culture renowned neither for its malls nor its service sector.

The gleaming steel, slate and red-brick of the 200-acre site have risen over four years from the derelict

remains of an old Thyssen steel mill, and is therefore portrayed as the perfect symbol of urban renewal.

More than 200 shops, a huge aquarium, 30 restaurants, hotels, tennis courts, a concert hall and business park have replaced the smelters, foundries, furnaces, and rolling mills of the Ruhr.

But no thanks to German entrepreneurs, who could not summon any enthusiasm for the project. In a joint venture with P&O, Eddie Healey of the Hull-based Stadium Group — which built Sheffield's Meadowhall mall — ploughed in DM1.1 billion (£478 million) and was the driving force behind the project.

"It's amazing," says Mr Healey. "No developer in Germany would have had a dozen competitors. But here nobody wanted to do it."

CentrO sits smack in the middle of North Rhine-West-

phalia, Germany's most populous state and within easy driving distance of Holland and Belgium. Around 27 million people live within a 150-mile radius. The aim is to draw in 30 million punters a year, and Mr Healey asserts that the complex will create some 10,000 jobs in a town where 14.6 per cent of the population is unemployed.

That is where the whinging and the trouble start. Germany is trapped in high unemployment, weak economic performance and structural crisis. There is an air of tiredness and complacency about the economy that recalls pre-Thatcher Britain, although there are no obvious radicals waiting in the wings to spearhead a Thatcher-style assault on the nostrums of post-war Germany.

But, with its reliance on manufacturing and an ambivalence about the service sector, Germany's embrace of the CentrO shopping-mall phenomenon is less than pas-

sionate. The 230 shops will still be constrained by some of the most restrictive retailing hours in Europe, although those hours are to be modestly extended in November, after years of argument.

The local zoo-keeper is complaining that the CentrO aquarium will seriously reduce the number of visitors his site receives. Regional traders and shop-owners are livid, arguing that the mall will sweep up all their customers and income. Half of the 6,000 jobs already created are part-time and low-paid.

According to Heinz Schruppf, a Ruhr region economic analyst at the economic research institute in nearby Essen, vacancies in the mall are not being filled because many of the unemployed — on earnings-related welfare in what has been traditionally a high-pay region — are better off on the dole.

This is contested by the Oberhausen dole office, whose director, Adelheid Sammüller, insists she had 11,500 applicants for 3,500 jobs at CentrO.

The project represents a

large slice of American consumer culture transplanted to Germany precisely at the time when the country's business, banking, and political elites are agonising about whether that is the right direction for the country as a whole to take.

Leading industrialists are campaigning hard for deregulation, less red tape, lower overheads, reduced taxes on business — in short, an injection of the American business ethos into the corporate practices of Germany's "social market economy".

But while constantly calling for more flexibility and risk-taking to spur the economy, Chancellor Helmut Kohl also regularly inveighs against Reaganism and Thatcherism, making plain his preference for more staid German practices. The unions and the opposition Social Democrats are similarly wedded to the anti-American business ethos.

So it is somewhat of a paradox that CentrO has been built with the full support of the state's minister-president, Johannes Rau, a Social Democrat grandee.

Mr Schruppf sees no salvation in a vigorous services sector. "You can't succeed here with services alone," he says. "You need an industrial core and a manufacturing heart. And the money being spent at CentrO has to be earned somewhere else. Besides, they were lucky in their timing with CentrO. They would never get the development permission now,

Chirac repairs phone lines

Sanchia Berg in Warsaw

FRANCE president Jacques Chirac was effusive this week about his first official visit to Poland's capital. "I have never found such a warm reception as in Warsaw... I think the relationship between the French and the Poles is something in the genes."

But the warmth of his remarks gave no hint that the relationship between the two countries is under strain in one key commercial area. France Telecom is locked in dispute with the Polish government, claiming breach of contract over a licence to operate mobile phones.

The Polish telephone network is in sore need of investment. In the countryside there are six phones per 100 households — a lower ratio than in Russia. People wait decades for a telephone line. One telephone engineer says, "I waited 22 years for my phone — and I work for the company."

France Telecom came to the rescue in 1991, agreeing to set up an analogue, national mobile phone network in partnership with the US firm Ameritech and state-owned Telekomunikacja Polska.

The result, Centritel, was very successful and highly profitable, although it offered limited coverage and demanded outrageous prices for its services.

Both foreign investors said they recognised analogue would be made obsolete by the European-developed GSM digital phone system. They claim they only committed themselves to Centritel on the promise of a GSM licence.

The frequencies for two GSM networks became free last year, released by the Polish army. To the surprise of Ameritech and France Telecom, licences were handed to other consortiums. The two investors have filed separate suits in the International

Mushrooming fast food firm delivers the goods

Spain's pizza delivery king is about to be floated on the stock market, Adela Gooch reports from Madrid

IN JUST nine years, Telepizza's Vespa delivery boys have become a familiar feature of Spanish cities. Now the country's first and most successful pizza-to-your-door chain is set to float a 40 per cent stake on the stock exchange, ending a fierce battle for control between the founder and his brother.

The company, set up in 1987 with 10 million pesetas, has almost 200 outlets in Spain and employs 2,000 full-time and 10,000 part-time staff. There are 50 branches around the globe.

The venture is an entrepreneurial success story relatively rare in Spain, where Franco's paternalistic nationalised economy created an environment in which most people only aspire to a safe job in the civil service.

The credit is due to Leopoldo Fernández, known as Leo, a Cuban-born American who saw an opportu-

PC sales 'recovery' fails to quell Olivetti fears

John Glover reports from Milan on the erosion of the veneer of viability at De Benedetti group

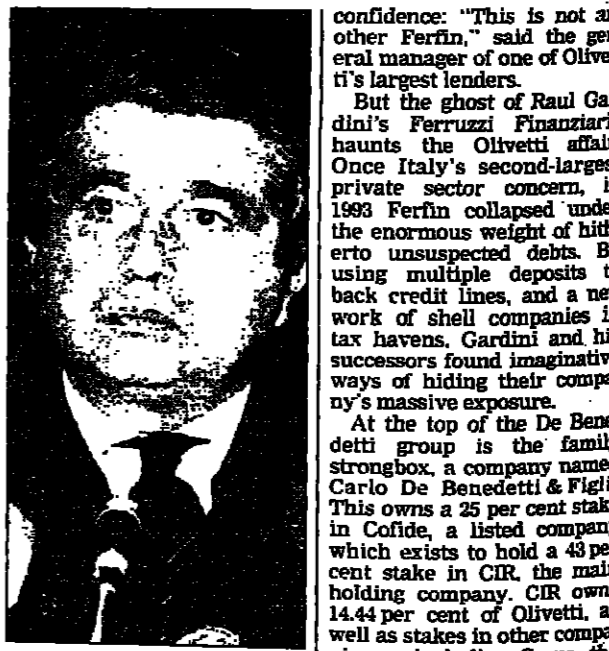
HAVING begun life making typewriters, Olivetti risks ending it as a victim of the typewriter's successor — the personal computer. The PC made its name, and the PC too has tied Olivetti white.

Despite restructurings, in the first half of the year Olivetti's PC business lost just under 16 billion lire (£7 million) — better than before, but still too much. Analysts wonder whether the apparent recovery is all it seems.

The PC business achieved sales in the first half of this year of 991 billion lire, just under a quarter of the group total of 4.23 trillion lire. But as Alberto Rolla, an analyst at Milan securities house F&S points out, if you strip out purchases by other bits of Olivetti, PCs made up just under 12 per cent of sales.

The corporation's biggest business is Olivetti Systems and Services, which accounts for about 60 per cent of group sales. OSS is also Olivetti Personal Computers' largest customer. This raises questions about prices and conditions. OSS, the argument runs, might be performing less well than it should on account of its relationship with its weaker sibling.

The relationship between OSS and the PC business is not the only issue that is worrying analysts. One of the more obscure points about Olivetti's figures is how many PCs it has in its warehouse and what they are worth. "The PC has the shelf life of a lettuce," says one London analyst. Fast the due date, neither fresh vegetables nor PCs are worth very much.



Open to question... group head Carlo de Benedetti

Olivetti has so far shrunk away from closing its PC operations. But this week, it said the business was no longer strategic and that it would seek a partner for it. In part, this reluctance to act drastically is on account of opposition from unions, politicians and even the local bishop. In part, too, it is simply because it would cost too much. That means the business will stay open as the search for a partner goes on.

The PC business is unlikely to cause a meltdown at Olivetti. If a disaster is waiting in the accounts already, and concerns the De Benedetti group as a whole.

The banks have so far kept their distance from the turmoil surrounding Olivetti, playing down concerns over its ability to meet its obligations. At an industry conference this week, senior industry figures put on a show of

confidence. "This is not another Ferrini," said the general manager of one of Olivetti's largest lenders.

But the ghost of Raul Gardini's Ferruzzi Finanziaria haunts the Olivetti affair. Once Italy's second-largest private sector concern, in 1993 Ferrini collapsed under the enormous weight of hitherto unsuspected debts. By using multiple deposits to back credit lines, and a network of shell companies in tax havens, Gardini and his successors found imaginative ways of hiding their company's massive exposure.

At the top of the De Benedetti group is the family strongbox, a company named Carlo De Benedetti & Figli. This owns a 25 per cent stake in Cofide, a listed company which exists to hold a 43 per cent stake in CIR, the main holding company. CIR owns 14.44 per cent of Olivetti, as well as stakes in other companies — including Cerus, the owner of French vehicle-components firm Valeo. This week, the French authorities began looking into press leaks of CIR's plans to sell Valeo to a French group.

The De Benedetti group has hocked many of its shares to the banks in exchange for loans. This week it emerged that Chase Manhattan had lent CIR 300 billion lire against shares amounting to about 10 per cent of Olivetti. They are now worth rather less than 200 billion lire.

Group sources acknowledge Valeo shares have been pledged as collateral, though it is not clear how many. The Italian press has reported that shares in other group companies have been pledged to guarantee loans to Carlo De Benedetti & Figli.

The collapse in the bourse value of the group's Italian companies leaves bankers wondering just how much their collateral is worth. And that raises questions about De Benedetti's exposure, and his ability to pay.



مركز الأبحاث

Development will boost Private Finance Initiative and put luxury homes into Whitehall building

Treasury flats deal signed

Sarah Kyle

THE Treasury was jubilant last night after awarding the flagship contract for the £20 million redevelopment of its Whitehall headquarters to a private consortium which will turn part of the Grade II-listed building into luxury flats.

The high-profile redevelopment marks a watershed for the Private Finance Initiative, the Government's scheme to transfer capital investment from the public to the private sector, which has been heavily criticised for having too much red tape.

The Treasury responded to critics by pledging a more streamlined process and an overhaul of civil service attitudes to project procurement. A spokesman said of the deal finalised last night: "We are very pleased. The chancellor named this as a key project and we can now be seen to be leading from the front."

"We will be paying a similar rent to the company when we move back in as the one we pay now, but we have got the private sector to pay the £20 million to redevelop the building."

Exchequer Partnership, the successful bidder, comprises Bovis, Stanhope, Chesterton International and Hambros. It is headed by Stuart Lipton, who beat his former business partner Godfrey Bradman to the contract.

Exchequer will be joined by Chelsfield and architects Foster & Partners, headed by Sir Norman Foster — who ran in controversy earlier this week with plans to build Europe's tallest skyscraper in the City — Conservation specialists Peijnenburg & Mawson will also work on the project.

The consortium will recoup some of its costs by selling the



Windows of opportunity... the Treasury, a Grade II listed building now to be redeveloped by the Exchequer consortium

PHOTOGRAPH DOD MILLER

flats, which will boast one of the world's most exclusive addresses and command a huge premium. These top peoples' homes will be towards the back of the present building, overlooking St James' Park and Buckingham Palace.

Planning sensitivities have held up official confirmation of the details. The bidders did not want to upset National Heritage or Westminster City

Council, both of which must approve any changes.

Exchequer's managing director Paul Lewis said: "This project will meet our objectives: to respect, restore and update an historic building and to provide the Treasury with a working environment fit for the 21st century, while offering good value for money."

"We are all delighted that our ideas and efforts have

earned us the opportunity to proceed to the next stage of the process on this most prestigious of PFI projects."

Experts have estimated that the losers, led by Mr Bradman, will have spent up to £1 million on the year-long preparations for the bid.

The Treasury said it would take another month to resolve planning issues and to issue models and drawings of the new-looking building at Great

George Street. It aims to move out of the 22,000 square metres of office space in 1998 — by which time it anticipated that the number of civil servants in the Treasury will have been cut from 1,000 to about 860.

The address of the new Treasury headquarters has not been announced. Officials are reluctant to ruffle civil servants' feathers by going public with it before the deal

is finalised, but staff will not have to go far.

A site in central London has been earmarked and, if Chancellor Kenneth Clarke is to be based with his officials, it must be within the earshot of Parliament's division bell.

Exchequer will have three clear years to redevelop the building before the Treasury moves back in in 2001. It expects to reoccupy half of its existing floor space.

Notebook

Running away is just not 'in'



Alex Brummer

EVERYWHERE in Europe, with the exception of Britain, this autumn's political debate is dominated by the path to European monetary union. The Bundestag yesterday was debating the most significant overhaul of the German social settlement, since post-war reconstruction, as the Kohl government — the great driver of the single currency cause — seeks to bring its budget inside the Maastricht criteria.

In France, the Chirac administration is hammering out a pensions deal with France Telecom, as part of its effort to squeeze the budget deficit within the 3 per cent of gross domestic product criteria.

Here, in Europe's financial centre, the discussion of monetary union is only conspicuous by its absence. John Major is doing his best to have the Dublin summit (scheduled for October 5, just before the Tory conference) postponed. In its recently issued "New opportunities for Britain", the Labour Party, evoking the misleading language of the Eurosceptics "rejects the idea of a European superstate". As for the single currency, that must be determined "by a hard-headed look at its economic practicalities". This is as if there had not been enough opportunities for such hard-headed looks since Maastricht. Only the TUC dared throw its support behind the euro at its conference this week. That maybe explains why Tony Blair is scuttling so fast in the other direction.

The reality is, the more that main parties, with the honourable exception of the Liberal Democrats, pretend there is nothing much to be done about monetary union, the more difficult the economic and financial practicalities become. Of course, in the background, practical steps have to be taken. There was a minor flurry 10 days ago when the BBC suggested that the Governor of the Bank of England, Eddie George, was in Frankfurt at the European Monetary Institute, the forerunner of the European central bank, battling away for thousands of jobs in the City of London.

nance in foreign currency options contracts, it will need to tackle awkward issues about the continuity of contracts on the day that the German mark, the French franc and the old European currency union, the act, becomes the euro. An issue which has tax implications, too.

This is not a comfortable role for Mr George, who above all would describe himself as a euro-pragmatist. He and the Bank have come to recognise that the driving force behind the euro is as much political as economic. Thus, in the process of bending convergence criteria to ensure that there are enough "in" countries to make EMU viable, other factors which signal convergence such as wide income gaps between member countries and differential unemployment rates, are swept under the carpet.

IF THE Governor utters such thoughts, as he has on several occasions, he risks, in the low-quality UK political debate, being shovelled into the Euro-sceptic camp. That may not seem to matter, except that there is now some evidence to suggest that the UK's indifference to the euro is starting to disadvantage the UK in technical discussions.

If the EU "outs" were to be treated exactly the same as those inside, there would be no fundamental reason why the City's leading financial centre status should be in doubt. Take foreign exchange transactions: at first blush it might be thought that collapsing 13 currencies into one, the dollar, would be a disaster for London banks which profit from trading a range of combinations of these pairs.

As a new study by Salomon Brothers in the US points out, these trades are dwarfed by trades in dollar/yen and dollar/German mark, and dollar/dollar trades representing 84 per cent of volume. Only 10 per cent of trades in New York and 15 per cent in London are intra-European. In that these trades would probably be replaced by those among "outs" and "ins" in Europe and that the volumes of dollar/euro trades might be greater than that of dollar/mark there might be very little difference in volumes once the system settles down.

However, if the rules were drawn so there could not, for instance, be any intra-day settlement of orders in high volume, Britain would be outside the system — smarter investment bankers operating out of London might decide there is reason to move some of their money market and foreign exchange dealings to Frankfurt or Paris, even though the legal structure would be far worse.

It is possible, cruising through the technicalities — for instance, on primary euro bond issuing authority — to find several cases where the "ins" could steal some commercial advantage or, at worst, punish the "outs" for their indifference. It may not be good economics or in keeping with the new globalised financial system, but it is an opportunity for self-interest.

Mr George has a particularly difficult path to tread. As guardian of the City's role as Europe's main financial centre he has to ensure that the financial community here is on top of the technical issues which need to be tackled. On Monday, Mr George and his main emissary, in Europe, John Townsend, will present an update on the City's efforts to be ready for a euro regime. If, for instance, the London futures market wished to maintain its domi-

Competition to control Kepit turns nasty

Richard Miles

A LONG-running contest for control of Kepit, the poorly performing £500 million European privatisation investment trust, turned into an ugly scuffle between two City institutions yesterday.

The European Growth fund, a £170 million investment trust run by Henderson Touche Remnant, launched a scathing attack on the restructuring proposals recommended by the Kepit board earlier this week, which offer the 77,000 shareholders a choice of two unit trusts or cash.

TREG dismissed the recommended proposal, a joint offer from unit trust manager M&G and the incumbent manager, Kleinwort Benson, as poor value for investors who want to cash in their shares in Kepit, which has yielded only 6 per cent growth in the past two years.

Under the Kepit board's recommendation, the trust would be broken up and its shares converted into cash, transferred to a unit-trust version of the fund run by Kleinwort Benson, or switched to the £280 million M&G European & Growth unit trust. TREG wants to

wind up Kepit and return investors' money.

Extending the acceptance period for its hostile takeover bid until early October, TREG claimed Kepit shareholders — many of whom are institutional investors — would receive more cash for their shares under its offer and challenged the trust's board to publish its own cash figures.

Sir Geoffrey Littler, chairman of TREG, said: "We fail to understand why Kepit's investors have been given no estimate of the value of cash exit under their proposals."

He added that TREG had already lined up buyers for the Kepit portfolio of shares at discounted terms.

But Shane Ross, the independent chairman of Kepit's board, hit back, arguing that it was impossible for TREG to find a buyer for the portfolio because its holdings had never been made public, and he urged shareholders to accept its recommendation.

Ben Siddons, chairman of Kleinwort Benson Investment Funds, said the TREG bid would cost investors £10 million in restrictions on fees. Kleinwort Benson has waived its £2 million termination fee. "Whatever TREG can do, we can do better," he said.

Heineken Refreshes the parts other beers cannot reach.

Heineken headache... 1976 ad campaign reflects current pain from swallowing acquisitions

Heineken pours market a shock

Lisa Buckingham

HEINEKEN, the world's second largest brewery group, yesterday shocked investors by delivering what the market regarded as its first-ever profits warning.

The Dutch company, which ranks after America's Anheuser Busch in sales, fulfilled Friday the 13th superstitions by predicting that profits growth would probably not match the double-digit record of recent years.

The warning came as the Amsterdam-based group revealed lower-than-expected interim profits of 297 million florins (£113 million) — a rise of 6 per cent but well below Heineken's recent rate of profit growth.

Shares fell by more than 13 per cent in response even though Heineken explained that much of the shortfall arose because it was attempting to digest several takeovers in addition to the impact of almost universally poor weather during early summer on the Continent.

A spokesman said: "We have given a lot of signals about this year's results but for the last 15 or 16 years we have produced double-digit increases so that's what people have come to expect."

He said the group invested about £305 million in the first half of the year — up from £36 million a year ago — on

acquisitions, brand investment and extra capacity.

Analysts had pencilled in profit increases of between 10 and 14 per cent despite Heineken's refusal earlier this year to forecast results because of market uncertainties. The spokesman said it was wrong "for a company like us to look at the short term only — we have to think of the middle to long term."

Sales of Heineken in the UK — which are managed by Whitbread — have held up well. The company's standard lager, which is competing in a stagnant sector of the beer market, showed an increase of about 5 per cent while the premium Heineken Export has recorded sales growth of 23 per cent.

What concerns analysts, however, are the signs that other European beer markets are static and that this is leading, increasingly, to price competition particularly on non-premium brands.

Although Heineken is reckoned to be the most international brewer — Anheuser earns most of its revenue from the US — the company still relies on the European market for nearly three-quarters of its income.

On a like-for-like basis, stripping out recent acquisitions in Italy and France, sales volumes dropped by 1.2 per cent although the value of sales rose by a fifth to £2.25 billion.

Price Waterhouse to invest \$100m over five years in Chinese venture

Roger Cowe

PRICE Waterhouse, the international accountancy firm, yesterday stepped up the western invasion of China with plans to invest \$100 million over the next five years.

The money will be poured into new offices and the recruitment and training of locals to supplement the Price Waterhouse staff flown in from its global network.

Dominic Tarantino, the firm's chairman, said he aims to have 2,000 staff in the country by the year 2000, compared with 600 people now.

A spokeswoman said: "It's a classic Price Waterhouse. We have always had to go where our international clients want to go."

The Chinese government has been keen to recruit international advisory firms since opening the economy in the early 1980s. But it is keen to avoid foreigners holding too much power, so the emphasis is on joint ventures with Chinese firms and training of indigenous accountants.

The PW spokeswoman said: "We bring in good people from around the world but

then we put a huge amount of effort into training Chinese nationals."

The firm opened its first representative office in Beijing in 1979 and now also has offices in the two main development centres of Guangzhou and Shenzhen, as well as a joint venture in the commercial capital, Shanghai.

PW claims to be the leading international services firm in China, but the world's other leading accountancy firms are also beginning to build up positions since the early 1980s, ready for the economic explosion.

Arthur Andersen's first Chinese office was opened in 1982, in Hong Kong. The firm now has more than 1,000 staff and two other offices, and is on the point of opening in a fourth location.

Ernst & Young opened in Beijing in 1981 and now has 250 staff.

Joint ventures and liaisons are crucial to success in China. Yesterday Price Waterhouse announced it had reached agreement with the state-owned commercial Bank of China to act as its financial adviser for a wide range of activities.

Bidding for Tom Cobleigh and all

THE journey to Widgecombe Fair could hardly have been shorter for Tom Cobleigh, the pubs operator. The company said yesterday it had received a takeover approach less than a year after it was floated, writes Lisa Buckingham.

Analysts tipped Greenalls, one of the largest non-brewery-owned pub groups,

as a potential buyer for Tom Cobleigh, which owns 58 pubs and saw its value rise 10 per cent to £94.2 million. The company's bid value is put at about £120 million.

A bid has been expected since European Acquisition Capital effectively put Tom Cobleigh into play in June by revealing plans to sell its 50 per cent stake.

Dow and Footsie conquer peaks

Rate rise fears are cast aside. Tony May and Mark Tran report

STOCK markets soared to record levels on both sides of the Atlantic yesterday after US retail sales figures for August appeared to remove the threat of an increase in interest rates there.

In London, the FTSE 100 index soared 35.3 points to close at 3967.9, just below an all-time high, set in mid-afternoon, of 3970.5.

This easily beat the previous best of 3933.6 set on Tuesday and prompted analysts to predict a surge through the 4000 level next week.

In New York, the Dow index leapt 80 points to 8581, breaking through the 8500 barrier for the first time. This eclipsed the previous peak of 8578, reached in May.

Analysts said the day's gains were underpinned by a surge to record levels on Frankfurt and supported by a sharp rise in US and European government bonds.

Two benign US inflation reports fuelled the powerful market rally. The August consumer price index edged up just 0.1 per cent while retail sales rose by 0.2 per cent.

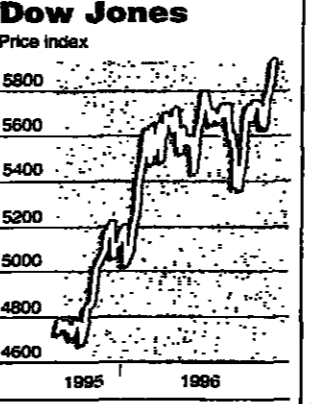
Both came below analyst predictions, pushing up the price of the long bond and causing the yield to dip below 7 per cent for the first time in two weeks.

"This triggered sheer relief that the Federal Reserve, America's central bank, would be unlikely to increase rates at its September 24 meeting."

"A fortnight ago, everyone was worried that interest rates would go up in excess of a quarter-point, now there's a chance that there will be no rise this time around and the FTSE is looking to go to 4,000 points," a dealer said.

David Shulman, chief equity strategist at Salomon Brothers, said: "Goldilocks is back, the economy is not too hot or too cold. Looking at the T-bill curve (the trend of US government treasury bonds), the market consensus is there will be no tightening.

"Stocks are going straight up today. This is the kind of environment where we'll



4,000-point barrier would fall early next week, although there were warnings that levels significantly above that range would be hard to maintain.

Philip Isherwood, UK strategist at Kleinwort Benson, said US monetary policy was still a major obstacle to further gains in the FTSE, especially if the Fed packaged a rate rise as pre-emptive.

"UK corporate results have been OK on the whole, sterling is behaving and if people really believe that a 25 basis point rate rise has been discounted, then there is nothing coming next week which could really upset the market," he said.

He cautioned that the lacklustre performance of UK government bonds, hit by worries that Chancellor Kenneth Clarke might indulge in a pre-election rate cut, could put a brake on the market.

Richard Jeffrey, strategist at Charterhouse Tilney, agreed that the stock market should see 4,000 points next week. "The tone of company statements, particularly from the manufacturing sector, has been good, and that's what we'll be listening for next week."

EC calls 'in-depth' inquiry into sale of Cadbury drinks plants

Jonathan Confine

THE European Commission last night launched an "in-depth" inquiry into Cadbury Schweppes' recent £700 million sale of its British soft drinks plants to an associate of the Coca-Cola Company.

The Commission said the investigation was being carried out under EU merger rules designed to avoid large-scale monopolies which distort markets.

The inquiry would focus on the impact of the plan on soft drinks competition in Britain, although Brussels admitted that the decision to investigate did not prejudice the final outcome of the case. It is obliged to complete its inquiries within four months.

While the commission has only blocked five merg-

ers to date, in some cases it has insisted on radical amendments to original plans.

Coca-Cola controls 32.6 per cent of the British soft drinks market, of which Coke itself has 18.6 per cent, according to Devereux Digest, the US trade publication.

Cadbury had run the bottling plants as part of a joint venture with Coca-Cola. But the two firms announced in June that the business was being sold to Coca-Cola Enterprises, which is 44 per cent-owned by the American drinks group. Coca-Cola earned an initial \$520 million from its 49 per cent stake.

The joint venture owned five plants which bottle, can and distribute Cadbury and Coca-Cola products, together with other drinks throughout the UK.

TOURIST RATES - BANK SELLS

Australia 1.80	France 7.725	Italy 2.331	Singapore 2.14
Austria 16.06	Germany 2.280	Malta 0.5445	South Africa 8.81
Belgium 46.54	Greece 366.50	Netherlands 2.930	Spain 192.85
Canada 2.2615	Hong Kong 11.71	New Zealand 2.1730	Sweden 10.24
Cyprus 0.7015	India 55.50	Norway 9.8275	Switzerland 1.880
Denmark 8.3550	Ireland 0.9375	Portugal 234.75	Turkey 133,147
Finland 7.04	Israel 4.92	Saudi Arabia 5.80	USA 1.5100

Supplied by NatWest Bank (excluding Indian rupee and Israeli sheqel).

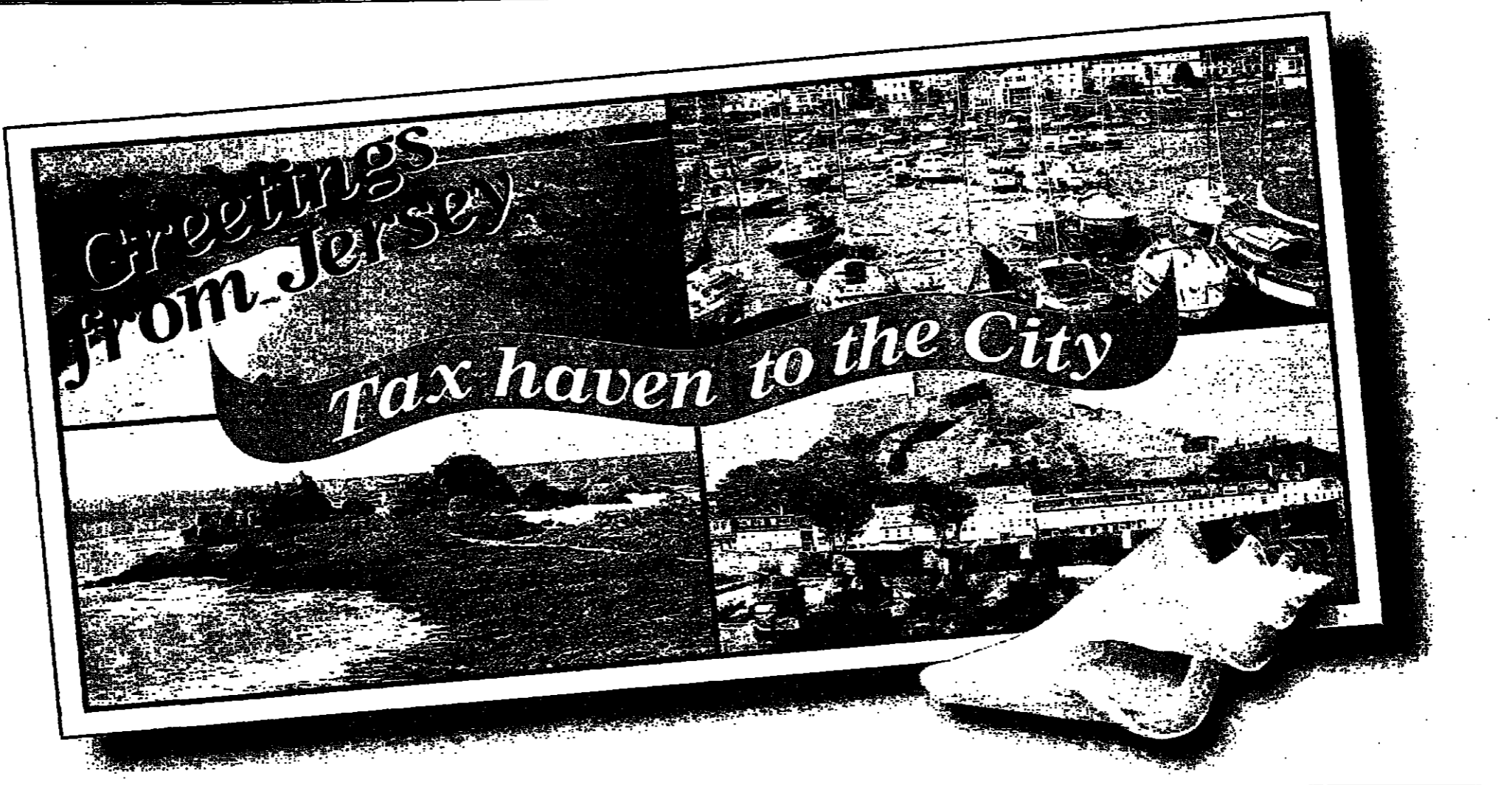
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Finance Guardian

When bonuses are haven-sent

Everyone is avoiding tax, not just at Morgan Grenfell, Paul Murphy writes. Below, Ian Traynor in Bonn reports on Germany's national sport

PHOTOMONTAGE:
LIZ COULDWELL
and STEVE VILLERS



PICTURE the scene: your first day at the office of your new City employers. You are introduced to your new colleagues — instantly forgetting half their names — and to the coffee machine, and shown your desk.

Then there is the security pass to sort out, followed by a trip to the personnel department. There you get a pep talk on the firm's approach to the problem of sexual harassment, there are pension forms to fill in — and, oh, here are the details for your new offshore bank account.

"We prefer Jersey. It's efficient and discreet. But don't mislead the thing, old boy." Fantastic? Well, suspend your disbelief, for this is the sort of thing that happens if you take up a senior position at that venerable City institution, Deutsche Morgan Grenfell.

Investigators probing possible irregularities in dealings by the investment bank's suspended fund manager, Peter Young, were coming through a personal Jersey-based bank account held by Mr Young, when it turned out that it had been opened on the fund manager's behalf by Morgan Grenfell itself.

Mr Young's employer paid part of his annual bonus — guesses at which start at £300,000 — into this account in the form of shares in Morgan's parent, Germany's Deutsche Bank.

The account exists for "tax

and custodial" reasons — a phrase which produced blank looks in the Square Mile. And Jersey accounts seem to be all the rage at Morgan. A spokesman "couldn't say" how many of the bank's 3,000 employees in London have such arrangements. But he pointed out that the practice is "commonplace" among foreign-owned City institutions.

If it is — and there is plenty of circumstantial evidence to back up the claim — then the number of offshore accounts held by corporate financiers, fund managers and traders must run to tens of thousands.

Morgan declines to go into detail, but tax experts reckon the bank is simply running one of the numerous schemes for minimising employers' National Insurance contributions, levied at 10.2 per cent.

Any bonuses paid in the form of shares escape NI contributions, although income tax and any capital gains tax are still due, of course.

Bear in mind that City financial houses have paid out bonuses in excess of £1 billion over the past year, and the possible size of the hole in the Government's income starts to become apparent.

The City has always been at the cutting edge of tax avoidance, often providing a truly creative touch.

One senior corporate financier remembers the day 25 years ago that he joined London's most powerful investment house, SG Warburg, since taken over by Swiss

Bank. "I was allocated shares in a separate company. Just take the stock, and shut up, I was told."

Such outrages are few and far between, nowadays — and they certainly do not exist at what is now called SBC Warburg. But along the way, there have been many headline-grabbing wholly-legal wheezes — mostly concentrated on avoiding National Insurance. Gold bar and unit trust schemes were famous before the Treasury stepped in four years ago and said any "tradeable asset" constituted payment in kind.

Loopholes were quickly identified. Payments in diamonds, fine wines and oriental carpets were the most common, but the scams also spread to "exotic" commodities such as arsenic and platinum sponge, a powder used in motor exhausts.

The Inland Revenue and the Department of Social Security have been waging a war of attrition against such schemes — apparently, in vain. According to Michael Davey, chairman of tax consultants Croxtons, which originated many of the most famous schemes, the most modern approach to the subject means that all those easily-tradeable assets such as

precious metals can be used once more.

The ruse makes use of restrictive covenants in an employee's contract. If, say, he or she agrees to the common condition that on leaving a firm's employment they can not immediately set up in competition, the employee can be paid for this restriction. So long as the payment is not in cash, no National Insurance is due. Mr Davey is setting up such a scheme which uses payments in short-term gilts — as near to cash as you can get.

Mr Davey's clients tend to be small business people wanting to withdraw some cash from their firms. "If I took my schemes to the big boys in the City, I would get blown out of the water. They have their own ways of doing things," he says.

Not surprisingly, the big City firms do not discuss their particular approaches. But at least one big American firm is known to have set up a subsidiary company, into which bonus payments are pooled. Staff simply receive dividends from this subsidiary, avoiding NI.

Across the City as a whole, a larger and larger portion of any given bonus is being paid in the form of a parent company's shares. The benefit is twofold: the employer saves on NI contributions, and uses rules over the timing of share sales to lock in employees longer-term.

Merrill Lynch, the American institution which bought

London's biggest market making firm Smith New Court last year, has made a particular virtue of the approach — with the percentage of a bonus paid in stock, rising sharply as the size of an employee's bonus rises.

Many City firms hire their staff from all around the world, and there may be very good reasons why an executive who is "non-domiciled" in the UK uses a tax haven for his or her affairs.

It has also been suggested that banks might simply be pooling bonus payments offshore before distribution to staff in London in order to ease the administrative strain at the parent bank in Frankfurt.

He acknowledged that there are many occasions when the use of offshore accounts is acceptable and legitimate, but added: "Institutional tax avoidance is a major problem, and not just for this country. If institutions continue to act in this way, international pressure will have to be brought to bear on offshore centres to stop the abuse."

According to Mr Davey at Croxtons, this threat is being taken seriously. He reports some clients deconstructing offshore trusts, bringing money back into Britain and taking the tax hit now — because they are worried that if they are forced to do so in future, the final bill will be much higher. Perhaps the Chancellor, Kenneth Clarke, can look forward to a pre-election boost to the Government's revenues.

The taxman cometh for quaking bankers

IN A Koblenz court in February, Peter Gelhardt, a 55-year-old businessman, was sentenced to three years nine months and fined DM1.3 million (£565,000) for tax fraud to the tune of DM6.3 million over three years.

He got off lightly, the judge said, because he blew the whistle on how the big German banks systematically aid clients' tax evasion, mainly by organising transfers to Luxembourg.

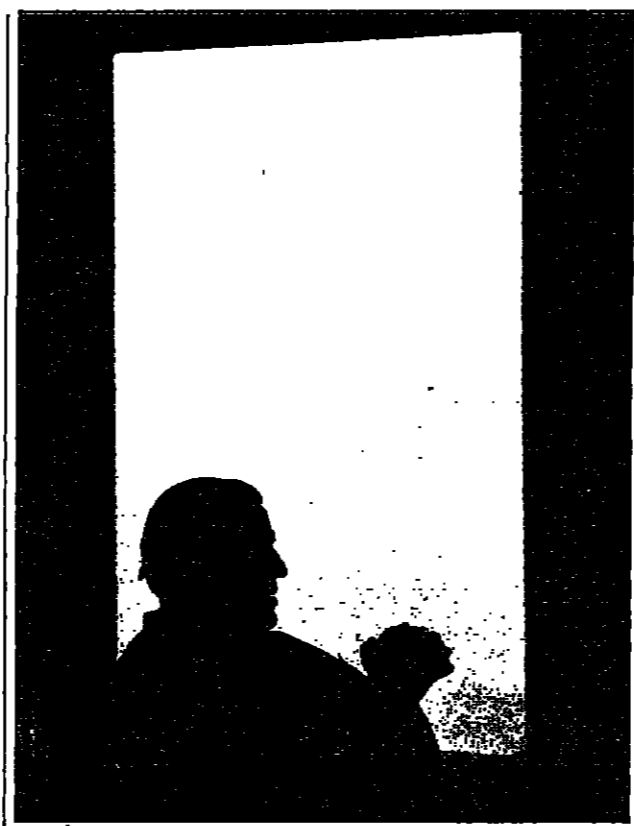
In Gelhardt's case, it was Dresdner, the country's second-biggest commercial bank. He had deposited DM18 million with Dresdner in a numbered account in Luxembourg to avoid the Germany's 30 per cent tax on savings account interest.

Tax avoidance is a well-established national sport here and, say tax officials and investigators, this is because of the big banks' connivance. In the same month, dozens of tax investigators raided the Dresdner's headquarters in Frankfurt. A few days later 200 investigators turned up at branches of Commerzbank in Frankfurt and three other towns. A few months earlier, 100 raided Dresdner branches in Berlin. Last week, 600 sleuths entered the premises of West-LB in Düsseldorf.

When finance minister Theo Waigel introduced the 30 per cent tax in early 1992, it is estimated that DM300 billion in savings and investments left the country, most heading for Luxembourg, home to 70 German banks.

The bankers are raging. Hilmar Kopper, the powerful head of Deutsche Bank, likened the crackdown to police tactics against the left-wing terrorist Red Army Faction. Karl Heinz Wessel, chairman of the bankers' federation, charged that the investigators were operating outside the law.

But in North Rhine-Westphalia, the biggest of Germany's 16 states, the au-



Out of balance: Hilmar Kopper

PHOTOGRAPH: GRAHAM TURNER

thorities have engaged another 50 investigators to help their inquiries into four banks alleged to be involved in up to 11,000 tax-dodging cases.

The German taxation staff trade union says DM2 billion have bypassed the taxman with the banks' connivance in the past three years in North Rhine-Westphalia alone. Nationally the figure is put at DM12 billion.

According to Der Spiegel magazine, a taxable DM1 billion is in Dresdner accounts in Luxembourg. Hans-Juergen Kallmeyer, head of the tax union in North Rhine-Westphalia, says anyone wanting to deposit DM200,000 with a German bank is advised to transfer the money to a numbered account with the parent bank's Luxembourg

subsidiary. The authorities are being helped by disgruntled employees spilling the beans on the in-house practices and by confessions from frightened ordinary account-holders who tell investigators about the services offered by the banks.

But the tax-dodging now seems endemic, symbolised by a couple of high-profile scandals.

Last week, Peter Graf, father of the tennis champion, Steffi, went on trial on 11 counts of defrauding the German taxman of \$2.5 million.

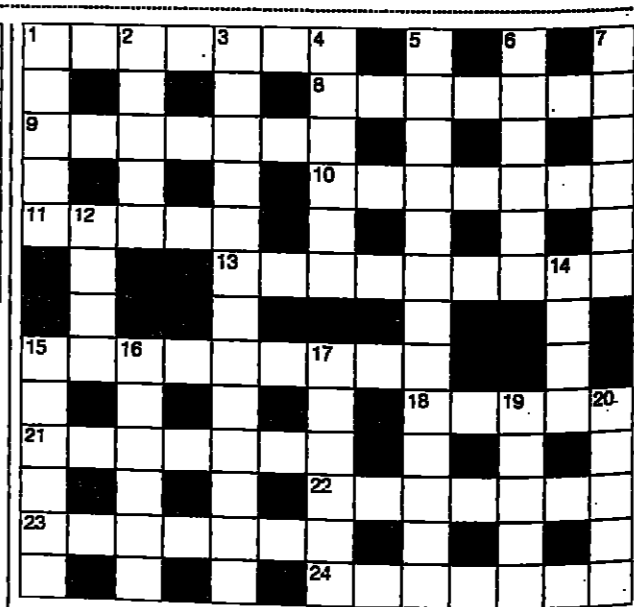
Just before that, Margarethe Schreinemakers, the Esther Rantzen of German television, broadcast live to defend her fiscal propriety against allegations of swindling millions and to attack Mr Waigel.

Quick Crossword No. 8231

HANDICRAFT
I A E O PAIR
FRAGRANCE L M
Y O L K CLAY
S O STEER P C
PAUNCH ROCOCO
A A U S I R
RIDDLE KIDNAP
RUBBER TIES
PLUS R A D K
A P UNEXPIRED
ROLL E O A E
T E FRONTLINE

Solution No. 8230

- Across**
1 Cock (7)
8 Wearing away (of soil etc) (7)
9 Forceful and vigorous (7)
10 Character in Hamlet (7)
11 Fat (5)
13 Type of theatre (9)
15 Call for arrest of criminal (4,5)
18 Dough or adhesive (5)
21 Thin rain (7)
22 Mountain goat (7)
23 Baltic country (7)
24 Saddle-horse (7)
- Down**
1 Wireless (5)
2 Little weight (5)
3 Area between tropic and polar circles (9,4)



- 4 Get back (6)
5 Inner layer of oyster shell (6-2-5)
6 Island and bridge in Venice (6)
7 Incautious (6)
12, 14 Red vegetable (6)
15 Without warning (6)
16 Type of drug (6)
- 17 Frozen covering of land area (3-3)
19 Track of an animal (5)
20 Try — to writal (5)

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مركزمان الاخبار

Saturday
14 September
1996
Page 13

E-mail to
ermine
Labour's
new peer
The Cofes
interview 13



I was
wrong
Cold war
warrior repents
Peregrine
Worsthorne 17



Who's that
woman?
On the trail
of Primavera
Arts
feature 18



The Guardian the week



PHOTOGRAPH BY SEAN SMITH

An IRA gunman takes aim at a British soldier. Gerry Adams imagines what it is like to be . . .

Shooting the enemy

For years his voice was banned from British television and radio. But now Gerry Adams has been fêted in the United States and has achieved a kind of political respectability. He is shortly to publish his autobiography, *Before the Dawn*, as if he was a perfectly ordinary politician. But how will the President of Sinn Féin defend the IRA killings in which he claims not to have played a part? Here we print the strange passage from *Before the Dawn* where Adams, however briefly, confronts the morality of shooting British soldiers. He does it through a short story that imagines an IRA gunman killing a British officer: "It might or might not be right to kill, but sometimes it is necessary." In the second extract (far right), Adams is no longer imagining; he describes negotiating with Willie Whitelaw, then secretary of state for Northern Ireland, in secret talks in London

SEÁN, uncomfortable with squatting for so long in one position, eased himself carefully up on one knee and slowly rubbed his cramped limbs. Below him, back gardens were criss-crossed by fluttering, flapping, shirt and nappy-laden clothes-lines stretched between back-to-back houses. Seán, above the clothes-lines, hedges, coal-holes and back doors, had a clear, wide-angled view of the street. He could see 10, no, 12 houses on one side and 14 on the other side of the street. He could easily see the windows of number 36, where the blind was drawn on the front bedroom window. He reminded himself to check that blind every few seconds. No use getting lackadaisical. The kids in number 40 were late going to school; they must have slept in. He watched three youngsters dashing out of sight along the street. When, he mused, they got to the lamp post they would be 140 yards from where he was perched. His eyes searched and found the white rag tied, waist high, to the lamp post, then swung back to check the blind on number 36. It was still drawn. Other windows stared back blankly at him.

Number 36 seemed different. The drawn blind, like a dropped eyelid in the face of the house, was almost winking at him — one of those conspiratorial winks that seem to go on for a long time. All these homes could do with a new coat of paint, he decided. Especially that one, the red one with the cracked window. The sound of a motor-car brought him back to the street and to number 36. The blind was up. The window with its bright curtains glared glassily back at him. Forgetting the cramp in his legs, he checked the piece of wood which held open the slate, forming the slot through which he peered. Hurrying now, he eased a round into the breach of the heavy rifle which straddled his legs. He raised it up so that the muzzle nosed through his slated peep-hole. He squinted along the sight, zeroing in on the white rag which dangled the lamp post and thumbed off the safety catch. One hundred and forty yards, give or take a few feet. He had checked it himself, scrambling over hedges and wire fences to pace out the distance. Beneath him, in the innards of the house, a door bell rang. Seconds later, a head appeared at the open trap-door.

"It's dark in here," a voice complained. "Where are you, Seán?" Seán didn't turn round. The transition from daylight to the gloom of the attic would have upset his vision. "I'm here," he muttered. "The car's below," said the voice, relieved at seeing Seán's dim shape wedged below the roof tiles against a heavy joist. "OK," Seán replied. "I won't be long." "I'll wait below," said the voice, but Seán's attention, now that the car had arrived and his run-back was clear, was riveted to the street before him. His heart pounded heavily against his ribs. The cramp in his legs had returned, and as he strove to exercise these distractions a quiet stillness seemed to settle on the deserted street. It was a feeling he would never get used to. The gardens, even the streets themselves, seemed to be holding their breath. Every time he got the same feeling. How many times was this? He smiled grimly to himself. Concentrate. Don't let your attention wander. That's the way to get yourself killed. Maybe that would be better than killing. He was surprised at the suddenness of the thought. He squinted again along the length of the rifle as he considered this question and his response to it. It was a question which had come into his head off and on during the last few months. Not about getting killed. He wasn't into getting killed. No way. If it happened it wouldn't be by choice. He surveyed the scene before and below him. Nothing had changed. Was it right to kill? No, he told himself, it wasn't right to kill. But there was no choice. Of course there was a choice. One forced him to do what he was doing. He could leave now. Leave? What good will it do, staying there? No one would know and no one could complain. He'd have done his best. He swung his attention back to the task before him. It might or might not be right to kill, but sometimes it was necessary. He considered that proposition. The people he was trying to kill were better armed, better equipped, better trained than he was. There were also more of them. And they would have no compunction about killing him. He settled himself back, pushing the doubts and imponderables out of

his consciousness. They should not be here, he reminded himself. It was his country, not theirs. They didn't belong. They were the enemy. They gave him no choice except to fight. And in fighting it was necessary to kill. He crouched now, blocking out thoughts of everything but what he was to do. Though he knew these other thoughts would return. Maybe it was good that they did. He could smell, or thought he could almost smell, the tension. They would certainly be able to sense his own fear. There would be scores of British soldiers. He tried not to think of that. He was well covered. Better not to worry. It was too late now anyway. It would not be long. Then into view came the first of a patrol of green-uniformed soldiers. They moved cautiously forward on both sides of the street, covering one another, smuggling into their flak jackets and arching their rifles to point at the grey jerry houses which mutely and sullenly surrounded them. The leading soldier was walking by number 36. Seán studied him with a vague disinterest and waited. A second soldier appeared, an officer. Seán gently nuzzled the rifle butt against his cheek. The officer edged his way forward and then stopped, outside number 36. "Move on," hissed Seán, "move on." A half-panic started to flutter in his stomach. He breathed in as the officer reached the lamp post, and held his breath as his finger tightened on the trigger. First pressure. He let his breath out almost in a sigh and whispered "Second pressure". The heavy flat thud of the rifle exploded his words, sending a black and white cat scampering from the garden and startlings from the dustbin. Seán prised the piece of wood from between the slates, and closed his eyes as the lowered slate shut out the daylight and returned the attic to its usual gloominess. He scrambled for his perch. The car whisked him away. The houses remained silent and undisturbed. Against the solitary lamp post the white rag cushioned the pale staring face of the officer. His patrol, scattered into gardens, lay hugging the ground. The British officer's expression, staring unseeing at the clear Irish sky, was curious, surprised.

In 1972 the British held secret negotiations with the Republicans

Meeting the enemy

WHEN they shouted for me to go, I thought it was someone winding me up. I didn't want to go, and I didn't want to leave my comrades. Reluctantly and gingerly I stepped out of Long Kesh. Dolours and Marion Price, two young republicans, were waiting for me. They drove me down to Andersonstown where I met with Francie McGuigan and learned the reason for my release: talks were scheduled to take place with the British and I was to take part in them. On June 20 in a large country house outside the city, Dáithí Ó Conaill and I had a meeting with two senior British officials, Philip Woodfield and Frank Steele. A number of things had happened just before, which were confirmed at that meeting. The prisoners in Belfast prison, a major concern for republicans outside, were to be given political status or, as the British termed it, "special category status", as part of the effort to create a climate for talks between republicans and the British government. Dáithí and I arranged what transpired to be acceptable conditions for both the British and the IRA leaderships. Our position was that a meeting between a republican delegation and the British would take place a certain number of days after the IRA had ceased operations. On June 22 the IRA announced its ceasefire, effective from midnight June 28. Talks would go ahead in London on July 7. During the intervening days I and other Sinn Féin activists

worked to generate a political presence in Belfast. Now that we were no longer compelled to be covert, we wanted to move quickly to set up an office and engage in open political work. Just as the truce came into effect, the loyalists stepped up their assassination campaign, giving deadly expression to the verbal incitements of Craig and Paisley, who had both warned that unionists would have to take the law into their own hands "to execute vengeance" and "take action against the republican community". It had been agreed that during the truce the IRA would carry weapons, but they wouldn't go outside their own areas, and the British army wouldn't go into those same areas. Some of the local units got a Land Rover, painted IRA on the side and began to patrol West Belfast. WHEN it came to the talks in London, I consciously dressed down for the occasion. I couldn't have dressed up anyway, but there was a hole in my pullover, and I was aware of it. In my juvenile arrogance and ignorance, I thought that was appropriate. We were taken by bus, accompanied by British officials and plainclothes men, one at least of whom was armed, as was Seán Mac Stiofáin and another of our group. On the way [to the airport] we were held up by a herd of cattle, and it occurred to me rather wryly that the best laid plans of government spooks could founder in the face of a herd of cattle and a farmer who wasn't going to be hurried by anybody. We landed at Benson page 14

the week that was

Us on us

The British view

What's the story about the bust-up between Liam and Noel Gallagher? Will they break up? Definitely, maybe! The titles of their two albums turn out to be appropriate in the present crisis.

Manchester Evening News

What is it that brings out the cringe-factor among us heterosexuals when learning of the adoption, or surrogacy, of a child by homosexual parents? The most recent case concerns two Edinburgh-based men. Baby X might have a wonderful life ahead, wanting for nothing, not even loving parents. Yet the cringe-factor remains! Whatever happened to the love, passion and romance of conception? Is it replaced by test tubes, syringes and fat swallows?

The Evening News, Glasgow

"Nitty Nora" has been replaced in Preston schools as part of radical changes designed to improve health care. Ann Atkin, a school nurse manager, said today's school nurses are more likely to be talking to children about sexual health than performing traditional head lice inspections.

The Preston Citizen

Them on them

The global view

Listen to the radio, talk to people on streets, and you'll find the random murder of the tourist last Saturday morning has touched a deep chord of dismay. Bondi was always a place of sun and sea, touched by seediness, for generations a summer life-line for Sydneysiders. Now it appears sullied.

Sydney Morning Herald on the murder of Brian Hegland

It's disgraceful and obnoxious to reduce women, or even men for that matter, to mere physical entities measuring and sizing them at the flag end of the twentieth century. We will organise massive

public protests all over the state which will be strong enough to stop the event.

Petition filed in protest at the Miss World competition scheduled to be held in New Delhi

This time the municipal pality has gone too far. It has taken photographs of people in positions that do not permit picture-taking. It is an affront to individual dignity, and an exposure of matters that should never be publicly disclosed. Besides, it approaches the vileness and cheapness of spying, an activity sanctioned by no divine principle.

London's Jerusalem Times on the installation of surveillance cameras in public lavatories



XENOPHOBIA is never quite absolute. The anti-French sentiment lurking inside many British people is usually held in check by our simultaneous Francophilia. We may boycott French apples because of nuclear tests, but few of us will say no on principle to a fine French meal, or refuse the free offer of a limousine for a fortnight.

In the Swiss, it is different. Helveti-phobia, a fear of

the Swiss, differs from other such conditions in that it is perfectly rational. None of this week's reports of the Nazi gold business was restrained by any worry about offending the Swiss.

There are probably as many holes as there are in Emmenhal in the argument that the Swiss are greedy, rude, parsimonious and repressives who would have been Nazis during the second world war if it hadn't been for their neutral status.

Yet we prefer to wish a plague on all their chalets. It's not just the gnomes of Zurich clinging on to £3.9 billion of looted Nazi gold until Mr A Hitler keys in his pin number. It's their fondness for their foul-tempered drivers, their harbouring of organisations in Geneva, their indecisiveness over

language, their cuckoo clocks, their effeminate Latin official name (Confederatio Helvetica) and their watches — what a load of old Rolexes.

Ah, yes, but what of the Swiss sense of humour? Astonishingly, there really is such a thing. An in-depth inquiry this week revealed that there are four Swiss jokes. The least baffling of these is as follows: An American, a German, a French and a Swiss discuss where babies come from. The American says: "They are produced by computers." The German: "The stork brings the babies." The French: "A man and a woman make love with each other." The Swiss says: "It is different in every canton."

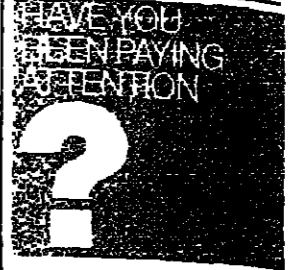
The other three jokes all concern Mr Adolf Ogi, a former Swiss president.

Here is the funniest. Albert Einstein, Anne-Sophie Mutter, Pablo Picasso and Adolf Ogi die and go to heaven. St Peter requests identification.

Einstein says: "I have no ID, but I can explain the equivalence of matter and energy." He gives an eloquent explanation of his theory. "Only Einstein himself could explain this so well," says St Peter. "Step right in, professor."

Mutter and Picasso play the violin and paint. Ogi steps forward: "How can I prove who I am?" "Well," says St Peter. "Einstein discussed his theories. Mutter played the violin. Picasso painted." "Who are Einstein, Mutter and Picasso?" asks Ogi. St Peter says: "Mr Councilor, go right in." How we laughed.

Jonathan Margolis



1. Stuffed peppers and mushroom soups omelette. Whose recommendation for a wholesome family meal? (a) Della Smith (b) Gwyneth Paltrow (c) Cherise Blair
2. Whose fear of heights caused an emergency landing at Lyon airport?
3. Where is the new Republic of Padania? (a) East of Nevada (b) South of Guatemala (c) West of Slovenia (d) North of Macclesfield
4. Which multi-million seller recorded My Way? (a) Liam Gallagher (b) Madonna (c) Catherine Cookson
5. Who called Clint Eastwood a "double crossover"? (a) Sondra Locke (b) Sharon Stone (c) Gwyneth Paltrow
6. Unemployed for more than a year, he got a job with a salary of £300,000. Who? (a) Norman Foster (b) Norman Foster (c) Norman Foster
7. What has this object got to do with St Norman Foster?
8. Who missed the premiere of Emmat? (a) Jane Austen (b) Jemima Khan (c) Gwyneth Paltrow
9. One lost her husband; the other lost her hank. Who are they?
10. Who was angry at being excluded from the classical music charts? (a) Berlin Philharmonic (b) Jarvis Cocker (c) Marianne Faithfull
11. Who claimed John Major had flirted with her? (a) Emma Woodhouse (b) Emma Nicholson (c) Emma Thompson
12. Who won the Mercury music prize? (a) Pulp (b) Ash (c) Garbage
13. Which part of the rail network was floated on the Stock Exchange?
14. Which former Archbishop was "outed"?
15. Who was tipped to be the new head of the AAT? (a) Jeremy Irons (b) Damon Hill (c) Stephen Norris

This week last year

September 12 1995

This week's scuffights between Tony Blair's New Labour party and the unions at the TUC conference were nothing new. Exactly a year ago, Blair's performance before the brothers and sisters in Brighton was thrown into confusion by the leaking to the Guardian of an internal strategy document setting out New Labour's secret agenda.

Written earlier in the year by Phillip Gould, Blair's strategy consultant, with Peter Mandelson's collaboration, "The Unfinished Revolution" claimed Labour was "not ready for government". The party lacked the centralised leadership, unified ideology and Thatcher-style "political project" to win the next election.

What was needed was a "unitary command structure" under the leader and



Campbell... claimed memo had been altered

Twelve months on most of the changes foreshadowed in the Gould memorandum have indeed come to pass. Labour may not yet quite be an "integrated political party" or have a "political project that matches the Thatcher agenda of 1978". But it certainly does now have a "unitary command structure leading to the party leader".

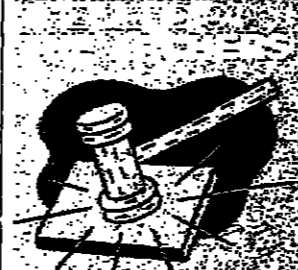
Every statement by a shadow cabinet member is

now written by or cleared with, the leader's office. Power has meanwhile been rapidly drained from the party conference and national executive. Moves towards reducing and finally breaking the trade union link, recommended in the memo, are accelerating, as the events of the past few days have dramatically shown.

Could also called for a new structure, a new culture and a new building. Within weeks of the publication of his memo, Labour began the transfer of its headquarters from Walworth Road to the Millbank Tower.

The Tories are now anxious to raise a spectre of Labour's unfitness on the back of the Scottish referendum and strike curb fiasco of the last few weeks. But few among either Blair's enemies or friends, would doubt his single-minded determination to impose his own agenda.

Soumas Milne



Vanessa Whitburn has shed the meek show by its tail and thrown it into the 20th century. Our listening figures are climbing, so we must be doing the right thing.

Heddi Niklaus, who has played Kathy Perks for 12 years.

"I don't listen to the Archers anymore. Bill Smethurst was one of the best things that happened to the programme and he

was certainly responsible for its rejuvenation." Jock Gallagher, head of BBC Radio Pebble Mill 1970-1980. He was responsible for hiring both Smethurst and Whitburn.

The majority of story lines combine realistic country life with the modern morals of the 1990s. Living in the country is not just about Women's Institute meetings and playing cricket. Patrick Pool, a listener for over 20 years and a member of Archers Addicts.

Ambridge village in England where they have banned fox-hunting because the current editor does not like it. And where Hindu lawyers are attacked by neo-Nazi thugs. Those things are not yet typical of life in the English countryside. It has been turned into a fantasy of politically correct urban England.

William Smethurst, author of The Archers: The True Story and producer of the programme, 1978-1986.

Meeting the enemy

4 page IRA airport in Oxfordshire and were then transferred to two limousines. At Henley-on-Thames we stopped: Seamus Twomey wanted to go to the toilet and was away for what seemed to be a very long time, causing frantic consternation among our minders. Eventually Seamus strolled back, totally at ease, remarking on how pleasant the place was.

We arrived at 95 Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, the home of Paul Channon, and entered quite a large house. I went into the bathroom, which was very untidy with sheets in the bath, and I wondered whether the owner hadn't been given much notice. Whitelaw arrived late, and there seemed to be an effort to have the meeting proceed without him, but our side wouldn't have that. When he came in he struck me as florid and flustered; his hand was quite sweaty.

The two delegations were a considerable study in contrasts. William Whitelaw, "The Majesty's Secretary of State for Northern Ireland" was a Scottish landowner; Paul Channon, a millionaire Guinness heir, was minister of state at the Northern Ireland Office; they were accompanied by the civil servants Frank Steele and Philip Woodfield. On our side were Seán Mac Stiofáin, the ex-RAF republican; Dáithí Ó Conaill, a teacher; Seamus Twomey, a bookies' runner; Martin McGuinness, a butcher's assistant; Ivor Bell, a plasterer's labourer; and myself. We also had as notetaker Myles Shevlin, a solicitor.

There was a formal exchange of documents and views. Whitelaw opened by announcing "I hope that the trust set between us is reinforced by this meeting. I record that the histories of our two countries give the Irish grounds for suspicion. I hope that in me you will see a British minister you can trust."

In the course of our meeting Seán Mac Stiofáin led the presentation of the republican position. He read a prepared statement outlining our demands for Irish self-determination; a public declaration by the British government of the right of all the people of Ireland acting as a unit to decide the future of Ireland; a declaration of intent to withdraw British forces from Irish soil by January 1, 1975; pending this, the immediate withdrawal of British forces from sensitive areas; a general amnesty for all political prisoners in both countries; for internees and detainees, and for people on the wanted list.

It was inevitable that there would be a certain amount of tension in the course of our discussions, and there were two small eruptions. In one Seamus Twomey, making a point with characteristic forcefulness, shouted and thumped the table. The other came when Whitelaw remarked rudely that British troops would never open fire on unarmed civilians. Martin McGuinness laid into him strongly about the killings on Bloody Sunday.

I PLAYED very little part in the meeting myself, but when they were arranging for the second meeting, I asked that we adjourn. We went into another room to discuss matters among ourselves.

"Jesus, we have it!" said Seán Mac Stiofáin. But that was the complete opposite to what I thought. I argued that we should insist on less time before the next meeting.

Following our adjournment an agreement was arrived at regarding the timing. The Brits said that they'd consider and meet again in a week. Meanwhile, it was agreed that the IRA and British army would both have the freedom of the streets and the IRA could bear arms — openly displaying them in Republican areas only.

Whitelaw was stressing the need to keep our discussions private, and he said that if news of our meeting got out, "All bets are off". Riled by his arrogance, I responded quickly. "That means all bets are off, then."

The meeting had been, I felt, part of the British government's exploratory approach. They had shown no sign of conceding republican demands, and I took a fairly absolutist position regarding these matters. I was conscious of the historical nature of the negotiations. We were in a direct line of descent from the Republicans of 1920 — the last time such discussions had occurred — but they had represented a revolutionary government with massive support. A lot had changed since then.

Two days after the London discussions, the truce was breaking down. The IRA was mounting attacks on nationalist areas, and the RUC were assisting in intimidation, while the British army stood by chatting with the loyalist paramilitaries. Catholic families, intimidated out of their homes in mixed and Protestant areas, were streaming into nationalist enclaves, some of them escaping across the border.

When the truce started to break down, the British seemed to be content. Rather than coming back to us on the political points of our discussion concerning self-determination and British withdrawal, to which they would presumably be saying no, they preferred that the truce should break down than



for republicans to be able to stand on the high moral ground. I was at a wedding when I heard that the truce had come to an end. It more or less crept up and took me unawares, and then I was off out of the house and on the run again.

OR a short period my wife, Colette, and I were lucky enough to get the use of a flat outside West Belfast in the university area. It was difficult for me, living underground. Travelling would have been highly dangerous if the loyalists or British intelligence had got wind of my whereabouts.

When I called to a house in the Falls Road, my sixth sense told me that there was something amiss. Brendan Hughes arrived soon after me and mentioned that he had

noticed a suspicious car outside. When Tom Cahill came in, he, too, was concerned. Later, we learned that the people in the car were British military intelligence, and they had the entire area staked out. The raid seemed very routine. A British patrol coming down the road stopped outside the house and one of the soldiers knocked at the door. Tom Cahill went to the front door while Brendan Hughes and I went to make our way out the back and along the entry. But when Brendan climbed on to the wall, he discovered that the back of the house was saturated with British troops. As we turned around we were confronted by a British soldier, heavily armed. He arrested both of us as his compatriots swarmed around the house.

We were taken to Castlereagh.

Lawmen: Willie Whitelaw visits British troops stationed in Northern Ireland; Gerry Adams long before he became an outlaw



There we were beaten fiercely. Periodically when the cell door opened I could hear the shouts and screams from where the others were. I'm sure similar sounds issued from my cell.

All of the people who beat me were in plain clothes, and at one point there were three of them in the cell. After the first initial flurry and my first fright at the frenzy of the assault, the beatings settled into a dogged routine, in which I was forced into the search position, palms against the wall, body at an acute angle, legs wide spread.

They tried to make me put only my fingertips against the wall but I resisted that, and those doing the beating stood behind and concentrated mostly on the kidney area and the sides of my stomach while also landing vicious kicks between my legs. They beat me, I fell to the floor. They flung buckets of water over me to revive me, pulled me back up against the wall, beat me until I fell again. When I passed out, my clothes were pulled from me.

Hours later the beatings stopped suddenly, as quickly as they had begun. My main tormentor threw a last bucket of water over me and then pulled me into a squatting position in the corner of the cell.

"Well, Gerry, what was it you told Mr Whitelaw? All bets are off?" He smiled at me, placed the plastic bucket over my head and left.

These are edited extracts from Before the Dawn by Gerry Adams, published by William Heinemann on September 23 (£17.99)

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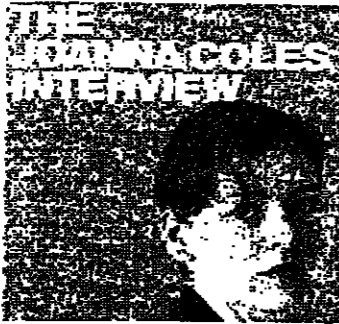
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He's worth £500... He's saved London... He's about to be... New Labour... Sweeney Paul... the Lords' mod...

the poor shouldn't always be with us

A peer into the future

He's worth £500 million. He 'saved' London zoo. He's about to be the newest Labour peer. And Swarj Paul wants to see the Lords modernised



THE LORDS INTERVIEW

NEXT MONTH Swarj Paul will shrug on his ermine gown and swing into the House of Lords for the first time to take up his seat on the Labour benches. He is only the fourth Asian peer to do so in the Lords' 600-year history, but just who is this non-smoking, tea-total, vegetarian obsessed with modern technology? And why haven't we heard of him before?

You probably have done, though you may not have realised. He's the man who "saved" London Zoo. He also happens to own one of Britain's biggest private companies, Caparo, which produces steel. Started with a bank loan of £5,000, it is now worth £500 million. Not bad for a Punjabi immigrant who never intended to come to Britain in the first place.

He was supposed to be en route for New York, seeking medical treatment for Ambika, his youngest daughter, then aged three. But the day before he was due to leave Calcutta, his doctor drew him to one side. Ambika, the doctor confided, was so ill she would not last the journey. So Paul sought nearer treatment for her leukaemia, in Britain — and ended up staying 30 years. He still lives in the flat in which she died 20 months later. He couldn't bear to leave it.

We will come back to his daughter in a moment — it is impossible not to — but for now it is hectic conversations with the Crown Office to choose a place and gown. He was on a Baltic Cruise — only the second holiday of his entire 66-year-old life — when he got the news that Tony Blair, of whom he is a huge fan, had recommended him. It was fate, he remarks cheerfully, for he had just handed over Caparo's daily running to his twin elder sons and was looking for something else to do. "I am most relaxed when I am working you see. All my life my work has been 24 hours with me. I am not a holiday man."

But a self-confessed technology junkie and a shrewd businessman, doesn't he believe the Lords is in need of reform? "Oh it will have to modernise itself," he beams from across his tidy desk, at Caparo's HQ, in Baker Street. "You have to update." Good grief, does he mean dumping the ermine for e-mail? "Oh technology has nothing to do with electronics," he scolds. "I'm not talking about cellular phones here! Technology is mental. The real question is, and he leans forward conspiratorially, "how do you update yourself?"

I must look bewildered, because he raises a hand as if to explain. "I'll give you an example, every year at the end of December, I make a personal balance sheet of myself. What I have done right? What wrong? What lessons have I learned? And I make a projection of what I want to do for the following year." Hurray, I think to myself, this new age eccentric is just what's needed to shake up those crusty old Peers of the Realm. But I stay silent and nod wisely. "I was so sad when I saw that Conservative advertisement with the devil's eyes, because people like me who came from India, we have a love of British life because there's a sense of justice,

of fair play and decency in Britain, let's not part from that." Even though he ended up here by accident, Swarj Paul has the ability to make one feel proud of being British again. But has he, I wonder, come up against much prejudice here? "Not really," he shrugs. "You know anybody ethnic, an Englishman going to India or an Indian or American coming to England, you have to give 110 per cent, you have to. But 96 per cent of the British are very fair and completely non-racist. And that's a very high percentage to grumble about."

But what made him decide to stay here permanently? After all, he did have a business back in India, a family and impressive contacts. Not least Indira Gandhi, a good friend and then prime minister, who desperately tried to entice him back with the promise of a ministry or the post of Ambassador to Washington?

"I wanted to be where Ambika had died. She was cremated here. And I wanted to be in the flat, that's why I have never changed my place of residence. (He did, however, buy the entire block of flats in Portland Place, in the West End, near BBC Broadcasting House, and renamed it Ambika House.)

"I rented it because it was nearest to the hospital," he says. "And after she died, I told my brothers I couldn't concentrate on work for a while and I went into meditation." What kind? "Really you are finding peace with yourself, you read philosophy, you read anything which might console you. But then I found I couldn't really find salvation in that, so then I thought let me start some work, and if I start here, in Britain, from scratch, maybe that will occupy the more." I put it in that it must have been a dreadful time. "When you are involved you don't even have the time to think. It's only when the end comes, that is when you realise it, all of a sudden." He falters. "I can still remember your legs don't move... Because you are fighting for something with the hope that it will not happen."

But then, on the other hand, with the knowledge that it is going to happen. There is a short silence, during which I begin to feel mildly uncomfortable. Am I poking around in his grief, demanding he dredge up memories he would rather leave behind? But I am also fascinated. It's so rare to hear someone, especially a businessman, talk about grief and it is moving. Shifting my position, I suddenly catch sight of the five-year-old Ambika staring solemnly out of the sole photo on her father's desk. Did she know she was dying? "I don't know," he murmurs sadly, "she was too young. But on the other hand..." I look down at my notepad, blinking, and momentarily unable to write.

As I look up, I see that Paul himself is in tears and incapable of speaking. He produces a large white-folded handkerchief and sniffs bravely before raising it across his eyes. There is another brief silence. "Let's have some more coffee," he whispers hoarsely, and buzzes the intercom. "Can we have one more tea for my guest and a half a cup of tea for me with nothing in it. It'll come back to Ambika," he sighs. I rumble an embarrassed apology. "Oh it's not your fault," he offers quietly. "So when do you actually go to the Lords then?" I ask, lobbing the first question that comes to mind. "The 12th November," he says slowly.

And what about your robes, I hurry on, who designs them? "I don't know Joanna," he says, and for once, the use of the name is not irritating. "But as a person who believes in these things, I will tell you about Destiny. Yesterday they gave me my date, 12th November. I couldn't have asked for a better date. You see the 12th



Swarj Paul... 'I was so sad when I saw that Conservative advertisement with the devil's eyes. People like me have a love of British fair play' PHOTOGRAPH: EAMONN McCABE

November is her birthday." Our refill arrives and we fall back to talking about Britain's ethnic communities. According to a recent HMSO report, Asians remain the most insular and are least likely to assimilate. Does this worry him? "You see these reports are trying to hasten the process," he smiles, shaking his head. "It is childish to hasten these things. Why do we want it faster? Twenty-five years is nothing in the history of a country, but it is a long time in the history of one person. Positive discrimination is as bad as negative discrimination."

But what about political representation, is he concerned that there are just three Asian MPs? "Oh I don't want to see an Asian MP to represent Asians, an MP should represent all his constituents. I have no doubt that if I want some case of mine represented I could find one." But you are a wealthy businessman, I protest. "But Joanna, I wasn't a rich

'Each year I make a personal balance sheet. What I have done right? What wrong?'

man. I started by borrowing £5,000. I bought my first car, a second-hand Austin in 1976." Yes, but he also had a supportive family, and a degree from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Few immigrants arrive with either. "Look, I have gone through this process, and I always tell our Asian community we are living here and we are British. If there is any right of mine it is as a Briton, not as an Asian."

And does he find the Asian community agrees with him? "Ah, not necessarily," he chuckles, "but then it's my job to make them aware of another view."

When Mrs Gandhi was alive, Paul was "treated as her younger brother" and would go back to India every two months. Now he goes back twice a year to visit family, accompanied by his wife of 40 years, Aruna. His four children, three boys (educated at Harrow) his surviving daughter, and six grandchildren, all live in Britain and see each other regularly.

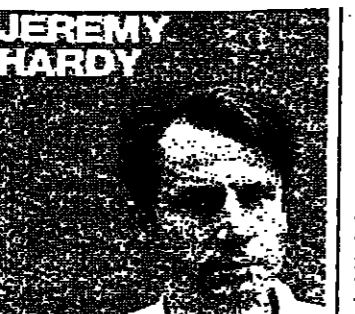
His family and Ambika's death even appear on his professional CV and in a booklet celebrating Caparo's first 25 years. So what on earth does he make of Britain's notorious divorce rate? "I feel very sad. When I look back I couldn't have achieved what I have — if I have achieved anything — without a very strong support from my wife and children. You have always ups and downs and that is where, to be able to walk into the house and to have somebody believe you, even if you have committed a murder, is of great consolation and strength."

"People make judgments much too fast. You need time for reflection, you have to look at the good as well as the bad parts. And I do believe in fate. This daughter of mine, I wanted to build something as a memorial for her. I had bought the flat and named the block after her, but I wanted something which would create a name for her."

"Then one day I hear on the television that the zoo is likely to close. So I shot off a letter, saying 'Look if I can help, I will.' You see, when she was out of the hospital the zoo was the nearest place we used to take her, she was most happy at the zoo."

A year later London Zoo phoned. The immediate crisis was over but they wanted to build a new children's zoo and it would cost £1 million. I said "Go ahead and build the zoo". And Joanna, nothing has given me more pleasure in my life. I go there even now, there is a lovely fountain and her statue. If this is not fate that else could it be?"

I cannot volunteer an alternative, so I ask if he sleeps well. "Like a baby. I go to bed at about 10pm and then I'm up at 5:30am and I go for a walk in Regents Park. Every day. 'Every day.' Well, you do look happy. I observe. "There is no reason not to," he chuckles back. "You cannot cure unhappiness."



JEREMY HARDY

The poor shouldn't always be with us

WITH all the excitement about the unions deciding on a figure for the minimum wage, we have lost sight of something rather important: it is terribly low. Nonetheless, right on cue, the enemy warned of massive unemployment. It is the subject of apartheid and sanctions was raised. Perhaps the Government's lack of interest in finding a peaceful solution in Northern Ireland relates to the

enormous number of jobs generated by the Troubles. New Labour, still convinced of the possibility of a social market economy, seeks to convince capitalists that a contented workforce is a productive one. But if employers are to be allowed to profit by paying everyone properly they would already be doing it. It is in the best interests of capital that it should be allowed to exploit, corrupt, deprave, pollute, poison, defraud and cheat as much as possible. Health and safety laws, environmental protection, consumer rights and minimum wages are all a threat to profit. Hence producers claim that all these things will lead to job losses. When Ofgas tried to limit prices, a postage crisis developed: "Back off or the workforce gets it!" I suggest that the only time the business community has been genuinely sorry to have to let staff go was after the abolition of slavery. And I've seen Gone With The Wind, so I know some slave owners were genuinely fond of their pos-

sessions. They just never felt the need to pay them anything, not even the Confederate equivalent of £4.26 per hour. Of course, the end of slavery caused massive unemployment among African Americans, and still does. I do say that a serious, well-argued case for the re-introduction of slavery is being made by some of Bill Clinton's advisers. Now, it might be said that there's a great difference between working for £4.26 per hour and working for nothing; but there isn't; there's exactly £4.26 worth of difference. No one who is arguing that the figure is too high would dream of accepting it themselves. They would not even be able to contemplate living on it. Gone are the days when Tory MPs used to claim that they could survive on supplementary benefit for a week, and then give up on the second day when they realised that the poor don't have private incomes as well. Of course, there are self-made men, those who start at the bottom,

kiss it, and work their way up. They tell us anyone can do it if they work hard. But the fact is that most people who work extremely hard for very little money never get anywhere. They just get by and they're too knackered and

The fact is that most people who work very little money never get anywhere. They just get by

to clean it. The poor will always be with us — unless we pay them properly. To call the badly-paid "poor" might be considered patronising, but poverty is relative. Someone earning £4.27 per hour might be entitled to argue that £4.26 is not too bad. For the CBI to argue that £4.26 is too much, is a bit rich — relatively, anyway. For Labour politicians to think it's too much is unforgivable. Yes, there is a point of principle in arguing for a legal minimum, however low, and the figure will be arbitrary by definition. It could be argued that the formula for calculating the figure is less important than the symbolism of having one at all. A minimum wage could be seen as a minimum requirement among societies aspiring to be called civilised. Even if employers find ways of getting round the law, it is important that the law is there. And in almost all countries with a minimum wage, employers do find ways of not paying it. The

centre-left in Britain rather sheepily imagines that signing up to the European Social Charter is the answer to our problems, and ignores how employment legislation is flouted. Moreover, the loopholes in Euro-law are more exotic than any of the strictures about banana shape. In March, Labour and the unions were delighted by the EU directive on the 48-hour maximum working week which employers and government are fighting tooth and nail. Not until now has the Commission admitted that the loophole exempting doctors and lorry drivers needs to be looked at, as even they need to be rested and lucid at times. But at least other countries have such legislation and our lack of it makes us pathetic by comparison. So, the fact that Blair has not yet scrapped Labour's commitment to some sort of pitifully low minimum wage is cause for rejoicing. But wouldn't it be nice if the figure was something on which people might be able to live?



The prince, the prelate and the pre-marital preamble

LORD RUNCIE'S ruminations about the royal family and the Church are full of fascinating insights into our country and the way we are run...

Simon, would you mind if I ask you a very personal question? I braced my brain cells. "Are you by chance related to Simon Foggart, the famous harpsichord player?"

WE seem to hate the Swiss even more than the Germans, as the present furor over Nazi gold shows. You'd imagine from the tone that they'd built an attachment into the Swiss Army knife for pulling gold out of concentration

thing we are not: quiet, unbellicose, neat, self-confident and successful. No, I wouldn't much want to live there, but your average Swiss could not stand living here.

THE publishers of Loaded, the magazine for football boogymen who can read, have produced another, a sort of good eating and drinking magazine for jobs. It's called, puzzlingly, Eat Soup.

WE ARE only nine weeks away from the 100th anniversary of the birth of Oswald Mosley. What a wonder, apart from the little band of Fascist devotees which meet in his honour every year, will celebrate that?

I won't tell you again



The case of a boy aged 12 has reopened the smacking debate. In an exchange of letters, Peter Newell of the anti-smacking campaign, Epoch, beats it out with psychologist Richard Lynn



ILLUSTRATION: STEVE CAPLIN

Dear Richard, I WAS delighted to read that you had become patron of an organisation called Families for Discipline (how quaintly British it is to have an organisation dedicated to the defence of hitting children).

UK law and UK courts failed the boy, because, as the judge put it, "it was a perfectly good defence that the alleged assault was merely the correcting of a child by its parent, in this case the stepfather, provided the correction be moderate in the manner, the instrument and the quantity of it."

since the age of two. There is no doubt that for most children physical punishment is effective in eliminating unacceptable behaviour.

with fear, hard slaps and caning for them too? You ask about "controlling" sociopathic children; first let's be clear that there is nothing wrong with physical actions to protect children and to prevent injury.

Dear Peter, YOUR vision of a future world of social order and civility inaugurated as a consequence of children no longer being punished defies credibility.

We need friends because clouds once inspired great poetry. Not small ads. Join now 0800 581051 FRIENDS of the earth for the planet for people

the ground in Scotland - Parents' Rights of Discipline giving it the appropriate acronym PROD. Maybe they would like you as patron too?

Dear Richard, YOU certainly don't mine words as does our Minister for Health who seems to have refused to say whether he advocates beating children with implements as a contribution to the health of the nation.

Dear Peter, YOUR assertion that physical punishment increases rather than reduces children's aggressive behaviour is contrary to the conclusions of psychologists who have examined this issue.

One of the major problems for parents in rearing their children is to teach them how to behave in socially acceptable ways and to refrain from anti-social acts. Parents tackle this task in a variety of ways, such as explanation, approval, disapproval and the punishment of unacceptable behaviour.

Contemporary textbooks of psychology state that punishment is effective in reducing or eliminating undesirable behaviour, such as: "Severe punishment can be extremely effective in stopping behaviour" (D. Coon, Essentials of Psychology).

if your campaign to make the physical punishment of children illegal is successful, the consequence will be a less civil and lawful society, for which you and your like will bear a heavy responsibility.

He likens socialising children to training his puppy, Willy. He writes: "Willy is slowly coming to realise that I am bigger and stronger than he is and that he will have to do what I say in the end. I have had to smack him a few times to get the point across."

Dear Richard, SO your robust views on punishment extend to the family pets. A word of warning - the law already provides animals (including wild animals) with more explicit protection from being beaten than children.

THE PUBLICATION of a novel called Sap Rising, by A.G. Gill, has created an unusual problem for literary editors. What do you do with a book which by every account I have so far seen is totally worthless?

High on Smallweed's own list of Books to Avoid is Bill Clinton's Between Hope and History. (Random House, £15.99), a title with horrible echoes of Lyndon Johnson's My Hope for America, of which Norman Mailer wrote: "It is not even possible that it is the worst book ever written by any politician anywhere."

IT SEEMS curious when so much information that is clearly in the national interest - where the Conservative Party is getting its money, for instance - is denied us, that we apparently have the right to inspect other people's wills. Some newspapers still print columns of wills for no apparent reason except that they've always done so.

SMALLWEED is grieved to learn that churches, despairing of finding organists, are turning to organs which play themselves. You simply tap in a number, and Oh God, Our Help in Ages Past comes thundering out of loudspeakers. Still worse, on some of these gadgets there is even a built-in choir. What is likely to happen in churches in the era of smart machines, like fridges that order your shopping, is threatened at the British Association's annual conference to contemplate, no doubt by then the digital organ will preach the sermon, take the collection, and pour the coffee afterwards.

Doonesbury

Four panels of a Doonesbury comic strip by Garry Trudeau. Panel 1: Dean Evans, I think you've forgotten the whole rationale behind tenure - protecting freedom of speech! Panel 2: Oh, come off it - no one loses their job these days because of what they advocate in the classroom... Panel 3: That's left over from McCarthyism! Today you can say anything you want - anything! Panel 4: So I can call for a return to tenure? Except that...

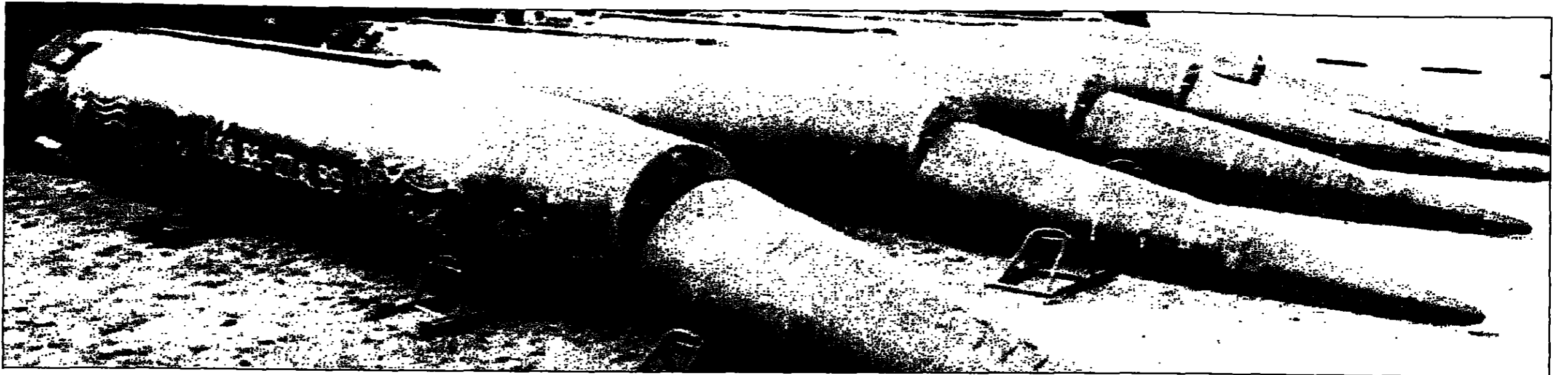
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High miers like to low

Peregrine Worsthorne used to believe in this . . .



Now he believes in this . . .



Why did he change his mind?

Was it Nixon? Thatcher? Morality? The old armchair cold warrior explains how he went off the Bomb

Sir Peregrine Worsthorne is an elder statesman of the Right. He was a central figure in Margaret Thatcher's revolution as former editor of the Sunday Telegraph. In the late eighties he vigorously supported opposing the Red Peril through nuclear deterrence. Now his views have changed. Here he looks back on his earlier faith in the Bomb and derides it as a monstrous — and potentially genocidal — folly



IT TAKES a moral blindness that is beyond imagining to be directly responsible for the deaths of at least 30 million people," wrote Ian Buruma in a recent Spectator review of a new book on Mao Zedong. So indeed it does. But if that degree of killing is beyond imagining, how much more so is the scale of killing which some western leader would have been responsible for had he ever felt compelled to push the thermo-nuclear button?

During the cold war, a willingness to press that button and, in effect, incinerate the human race was inherent in western defence policy. Had the Red Army, using only conventional weapons, attacked across a Nato border, the West was committed to respond with a nuclear strike.

That was official policy, known as Mutual Assured Destruction (MAD), mutual being a grotesque understatement since the destruction would have extended to the four corners of the earth.

In the event, of course, the thermo-nuclear deterrent worked. The Soviet Union never did attack a Nato country. But if it had not worked, and one or other of the American presidents had had to

press the button, in what light would subsequent generations — if there were any — have viewed that uniquely destructive act?

Would some historian, emerging centuries later from the post-thermonuclear war dark ages, have judged it morally justified or so evil as to dwarf even the most monstrous iniquities of Hitler, Stalin and Mao Zedong? Nobody nowadays thinks of asking that question.

During the cold war, the policy of MAD prospered, so none dare call it evil. Armchair cold war warriors, like myself, of course, never did call it evil. At the very least we thought it the lesser of two evils, by far the greater being the extinction of individual freedom which would have been the consequence of Soviet communism's world domination.

Or so we vaguely, almost frivolously, allowed ourselves to think. Whereas CND said "better red than dead", we said, and felt proud to say, "better dead than red".

That an individual could proudly say — "give me liberty or give me death" — is more than understandable. But we armchair cold warriors in the West were saying more than this. We were saying that the whole human race, the greater part of which was neutral in the cold war,

should be put at risk to preserve western liberty. How could we have believed anything so preposterous?

The answer is that to begin with our leaders, the people who mattered, didn't. They only pretended to believe it so as to make the thermo-nuclear deterrent credible. Only if the Russians believed that the West would blow up the world in response to a conventional attack would they desist from making such an attack.

No moral problem here. Mutual Assured Destruction was all a bluff, so terrible in its nature that we were absolutely certain the Russians would never risk calling it. By this method of reassurance was Harold Macmillan able to sleep at night with an untroubled conscience. That is fine as far as it goes. But to be effective the bluff had to be credible and there was no way over the long haul of convincing the Russians that the West really was mad enough to blow up the human race without the West actually becoming so. So what started as a morally justified bluff eventually became something much more real.

The logic of species survival dictated that the ultimate weapon would never be used. Louis Halle always insisted, however, that there was one human characteristic which might make mankind defy the logic of species survival: ideological fanaticism. If one thermo-nuclear power, for example, saw the nominal issue between it and its opponent as being whether the ideas attributed to Karl Marx or those attributed to John Locke should rule the world, then the contest would indeed tend to be all-out, directed to an unlimited objective that required total victory.

In other words, nothing was more important in the nuclear age than for the superpowers to deny themselves the self-indulgence of believing in the myth that man is divided into two opposed and mutually irreconcilable species, the good and the wicked. The two species, Halle was fond of pointing out, might be the servants of God, identified with Christendom, and servants of Satan, identified with Islam; or they might be the virtuous proletarians and the wicked capitalists.

During the Nixon-Kissinger period, there was no question of either side denying the logic of species survival, since under Brezhnev the ideology was draining out of Soviet politics quite as fast, if not a lot faster, than it was draining out of American politics under Nixon. This did not mean that the cold war was over, but it had ceased to be between God and Satan; ceased, that is, to be about any issue likely to overcome inhibitions induced by mankind's instinct for survival.

These were the years of détente and peaceful existence. In theory we could have all been incinerated at any time. But most of us had stopped fearing the mushroom cloud. This was not because either side had renounced thermo-nuclear weapons but because both seemed to have renounced ideological absolutes.

Then, in the last decade of the cold war, when Ronald Reagan came to power in Washington and Margaret Thatcher in London, everything seemed to change. Their fingers really might have pushed that button.

This may have been partly due, in Mrs Thatcher's case, to a certain bellicosity of character. But fundamentally, for both of them,

the reason was more ideological than personal, having little to do with love of war and a great deal to do with the extremity of their anti-communism or, if you prefer, with the intensity of their love of freedom.

Here I really do believe that the neo-conservative intellectuals of the New Right made a major and sinister contribution. They concocted a piece of casuistry — as I now see it to be — which gave ideology a new lease of life: restored it to a primacy which the experiences of the nuclear age had slowly but surely nibbled away.

I remember hearing it for the first time at a lunch in the American embassy in London when the guest of honour was Mrs Jean Kirkpatrick, then a very senior foreign policy adviser to President Reagan — a veritable high priestess of the period. Eyes ablaze, she outlined her famous distinction between authoritarianism and totalitarianism.

WHEREAS former evil empires had been authoritarian, only the Soviet Union had perfected the techniques required to render its dominion absolute and terminal. Therefore wherever the communist evil took hold, an eternity of damnation was bound to follow. Compared to a communist victory, the destruction of thermo-nuclear war on a global scale could be envisaged with relative equanimity.

Most of my fellow guests, the flower of New Right Thatcherites, found it a spell-binding performance. At long last someone had thought up a closely argued rationale for supposing that the human

race would benefit, in the long run, from most of its members being dead rather than red. Even at the time, I was uneasy. Was the virus of communism really so terminally deadly?

Evil the Soviet empire was, but did it really have the power permanently to alter the nature of God's creation? Was this not to endow Messrs Brezhnev and his successor Andropov with super-human powers, with a degree of potency which Christian theology does not even grant to the Devil himself? Such scepticism was brushed aside, rather rudely, as I remember. For ideological scepticism in the days of Reagan and Thatcher had gone very much out of fashion.

Luckily for the Reagan-Thatcherite New Right, all's well that ends well. The heretics, in the person of Mr Gorbachev, recanted without the human race having to be incinerated. No cause, therefore, for regrets, still less shame. Quite the opposite. The New Right can and does now boast that their zealotry, more than anything else, proved the last straw that broke the Red Bear's back. Possibly it was. Without the New Right's ideological fervour the cold war might still be unresolved.

But it could so easily have had the opposite effect: provoked the Red Bear into one last act of globally cataclysmic desperation. It is this possibility that I find so disturbing.

For from the knowledge we now have of conditions within the Soviet Union at the time of its collapse, it is clear that the threat it posed no longer justified carrying on the policy of Mutual Assured Destruction. This is not to condone communism. It remained to

the end a beastly system of government. But by then it was manifestly not a totalitarian system capable of stamping out the human spirit for all time.

This does not mean that the Soviet Union did not continue to pose a threat. But it was no longer, if it had ever been, so awful a threat that the duty of the West was plainly to incinerate the world rather than to compromise with it.

To bluff about that duty, as was the West's way for most of the cold war, was of course justifiable. But the New Right zealots were not bluffing. They really did believe that the West should push the button, and had the Russians made a seriously false move, press that button is just what Ronald Reagan, abetted by Margaret Thatcher, might have done.

That is what the New Right cold warriors would have urged them to do. So, in all probability, would I. It makes me quite sick to think about the hawkish leading article I would have written in the Sunday Telegraph. For anti-communist hawkishness had become by then almost a reflex action.

It is this that worries me — the New Right's macho readiness, towards the end of the cold war, to envisage thermo-nuclear hot war. At the beginning of the cold war it was too frightful to imagine. Then, with experience, we learnt to accept the threat as a necessary tool in diplomacy. But in the final triumphalist period — long after the Soviet Union had become just another dictatorship — the New Right, in the grip of ideology, seemed almost to look forward to thermo-nuclear Armageddon.

A longer version of this article appears in the current Spectator

High fliers like to lie low

Norman Foster wants us to live in the clouds. But the rich people who have tried it in Hong Kong would rather stay nearer the ground, says Andrew Higgins

SIR NORMAN Foster tells us that social climbing means precisely that — climbing to a luxury apartment in the clouds atop the Millennium Tower he has planned for London. The world's champion social climbers, though, are far less literal-minded. No one ever disputed Hong Kong's zeal to get ahead. It boasts two of the world's 10 richest billionaires and more Rolls-Royces per capita than any other city in the world.

It also has scores of tall buildings and a breathtaking skyline. But real status in Hong Kong comes from staying firmly on the ground. "Very rich people like to be different," says Ronnie Chan, the multi-millionaire chairman of Hang Lung Development, one of the colony's main property firms. "If everyone else is going up, we like to stay down. Here lots of people live in penthouses but very few can afford to have their own garden." Chan, like many members of the colony's plutocracy, lives in a family house on Victoria Peak, close to the heavens but only thanks to nature.

Across Asia, economic boom has produced a building blitz, most of it vertical. Malaysia has just snatched from Chicago's John Hancock building the right to proclaim itself home to the world's highest tower. China is close behind, with two huge office blocks under construction in Chongqing and Shanghai. Hong Kong has Asia's second tallest building and a tycoon called Nina Wang wants to unseat Malaysia. But such giant totems of power and wealth are dedicated almost entirely to offices. Corporations

and countries like heights. The people who run them seem to like the ground. The Hong Kong Bank and the Bank of China have both built stunning skyscrapers, one designed by Norman Foster, the other by the Chinese-American architect IM Pei.

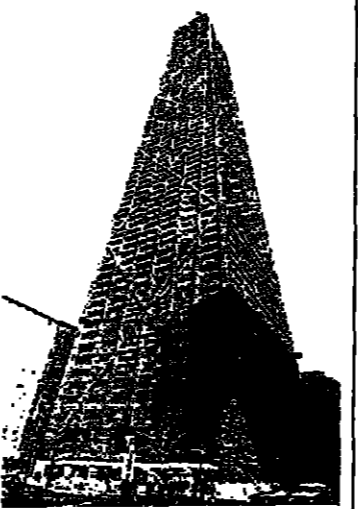
Near the top of both is a luxury suite for visiting corporate executives. Such extravagance, though, has little appeal for real masters of the universe. Sherman Kong, a leading Hong Kong architect who worked on the Bank of China project, says senior Chinese cadres who visit prefer to stay in a hotel or in the bank's villa. "The service is better and few people like to sleep in an office block," Hong Kong's best-known veteran social-

ties, Brenda and Kai-bong Chau, live in a low-rise mansion called Villa D'Oro with a garage for their his-and-hers pink and gold Rolls-Royces.

Living in a high-rise could mean sharing the lift with people like Chong Tsui-jun, a modestly wealthy cigarette trader whose name has been plastered over local newspapers in connection with a fraud and corruption scandal. Last week, he took advantage of his 28th floor in a luxury apartment block to end his long legal ordeal: he jumped. His pyjama-clad corpse was found floating in the swimming pool.

Far from being the exclusive preserve of the rich, life at high altitude in Hong Kong is highly democratic. Over half of the population lives in high-rise public housing. Some of the colony's poorest live in penthouses. "Living high up is nothing special in Hong Kong. It is the norm," said Dr TC Ho, a psychiatry professor at the University of Hong Kong. "But fewer than 1 per cent can afford a private garden. Nearly everyone else lives in tall apartment blocks." Living in the clouds is so much a part of ordinary life, he says, that Hong Kong has few of the problems associated with crowded low-rent high-rises in Britain or the US.

At the Man Hing Estate in Chai Wan, working-class district at the end of the subway line, the top floor of the colony's tallest council block is occupied by a factory labourer, his wife and four children. They hang washing from the windows of their 44th floor eyrie, burs in dense on the rooftop — and dream of one day moving down to earth.



Up, up and away . . . life at the top isn't all it's cracked up to be

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Botticelli bonkers... Film-maker Piotrowska and her mock-up Primavera. Top right: the real thing

MARTIN ARGLES/BRIDGEMAN

SHOOTING STARS



RIISING: DANIEL HARDING

Up... While a slip of a lad at Chetham's School of Music, Harding bumps into Sir Simon Rattle. By the time he's 18, he's Rattle's assistant at the CBSO, and making his professional debut, conducting Bartok's Miraculous Mandarin Suite — "awesome" said the critics. Up... In late '95, Rattle withdraws from a CBSO concert in Chatelet at the last minute; the evening's programme contains Mahler and Schoenberg works which are far from standard in the conductor's repertory. But Harding wades in, lies about his experience, and conducts the concert to delirious acclaim. And away... This week, a fortnight past his 21st birthday, he conducts the Berlin Phil, where he's Claudio Abbado's assistant. It's his biggest triumph yet, again precipitated by the original conductor's freak withdrawal. Is Harding spiking their drinks?



FALLING: THE EVERLY BROTHERS

Going... At the psychedelic end of the sixties, that ole Everly Brothers close-harmony country croon began to sound a sordid passé. The problem is exacerbated by their Drug Hell — Don says his doctor gave him hallucinogenic substances under the guise of vitamins. Hmm. Going... Phil smashes his guitar on stage in Texas and frounces off. The group is kaput. The pair don't speak for several years. Don gets fat and moves to Nashville. Gone... They re-form. After enjoying a mini-vogue as one of the proclaimed influences of the Britpop crowd, the Brothers convene in Berlin this Thursday to entertain middle-aged Germans. But "Auf wiedersehen, auf wiedersehen, mein Liebe" doesn't have the same ring, does it?

Oh no it isn't

Botticelli's Primavera has made fools of the experts for centuries — and still people spend their lives trying to unlock its secrets. This woman admits to being obsessed by it. Me too, says **Veronica Horwell**

AGNIESZKA Piotrowska — I'll call her AP — is Polish, which means that she discovered subversion keeps things alive in head and heart. It means also that 20 years ago when she was 16, she boarded a beaten-up bus tour through Europe and queued with her father outside the Uffizi in Florence. There she met Primavera for the first time. She was surprised by its size. It is taller than a man. It takes five wide strides to walk from one side to the other.

Her father, who sounds very wise, said it was about change. AP directs documentaries now. Her last was about Jerzy Kosinski, the Polish Jewish American success and suicide, a wizard of contradictions, who left her low in spirits. So she wanted to make a film about the sublime: Primavera. Art on television is supposed to be authoritative. Scientific, even. Somebody stands before a masterpiece and speaks about provenance and attribution, psychosexual sublimations and

manifestations of the zeitgeist. We listen. He knows, you know. Only when AP started to research Primavera, she realised that nobody knew. There was agreement. It was the work of Alessandro (Sandro) Filippini of Florence, called Botticelli, which means little barrel, painted between 1470 and 1490 for the city's prime family, the Medici. Giorgio Vasari, who wrote about lifestyles of the Renaissance rich and famous, saw around 1650 a Botticelli of "Venus, whom the Graces are covering with flowers denot-

ing the spring" in Castello, a Medici country villa. There it was rediscovered in the 19th century and warily displayed to the public in 1893. Then, then, one painting, in pigments bound with egg-yolk, a drop of vinegar and limesed oil on poplar wood panels. Left-to-right, Mercury prods a private cloudscape with his wand; three Graces dance; tilt-headed female, could be Venus, raises her hand in — welcome? blessing? blimfoiled Cupid hovers above her. Flora, a young woman of perpetual total moder-

nity, looks straight into your soul; a nymph, Chloris, is lunged at by a wind, Zephyr. Backdrop: orange trees in fruit and blossom and a silver of silver river. Foreground: about 500 plants of which 33 are fantasies and 42 are botanically identifiable. Professor Guido Moggi found that out after the 1982 cleaning, which dissolved five centuries of sunset gold varnishes to leave a pale dawn scene. That's it.

Beyond that no one concurs on who commissioned it, why, when, nor what it means. AP did ask. She photographed authorities pontifical in their chairs, or tome-in-hand in their libraries. She edited the answers, one butting another, for her film, which is like a Polish cabaret, pre-fall of the Iron Curtain. Very subversive. Zo! says venerable Prof Sir Ernst Gombrich, my once novel theory was that Primavera was a teaching aide for Lorenzo Pierfrancesco Medici, temperamental, cousin to the great Lorenzo di Medici — Il Magnifico. Gombrich believes that philosopher Marsilio Ficino wrote a shooting script for Primavera, which was a kind of commercial selling Neo-Platonism to the boy: it was a fashionable New Agey thought in 15th-century Florence, combining astrology, muscular harmony, universal love of mind for mind, magic, a tender Christianity and classical religion, etc.

Und *non*, summarises Gombrich to AP's camera, if you want me to explain in one sentence, Primavera is about the realm of Venus, an ideal world. No, no, says Dr Paul Holberton, it was never drawn for Lorenzo Pierfrancesco; he would have been about seven. And that's not Venus, she is anybody's idealised beloved. It's about love at first sight.

Oh, it could have been done for Lorenzo Pierfrancesco, concedes Dr Charles Hope. But nobody asked Ficino to script anything. Love for the mind? Mind? Obviously it's all about physical love and a new, rich sensuality. Ah, asserts Prof Charles Dempsey, who long ago was Gombrich's protégé but defected, it was created for Il Magnifico and those deities were *real* people. Prof Bill Kent counters it was made for Il Magnifico, yes, but painted when his revered mother, the mamma and mediator to all Florence, had just died; the Venus-madonna-figure is her.

Interjected between are teasing theories about Mercury being a portrait of gorgeous Giuliano, Il Magnifico's brother, butchered by a rival family in a hit at High Mass in the Duomo on Easter Sunday, 1578; and Flora or Venus being a portrait of beauty Simonetta Vespucci, dead of TB at 23. "Well," responds Gombrich, "you can say anything you like about the past. You can say they were very fond of spinach if you want. Ve don't know."

I go round to AP's house in Acorn to see the full-size mock-up of Primavera in her sitting room. Art students cart it about Florence in the film, proving points practically like you can't get it into the room where Vasari claimed he saw it because it won't pass through the stone doorway. AP and I sit most of an evening staring at Venus — if that is Venus. (Gombrich's famous essay has a footnote quoting 15 different interpretations of her expression.) AP's partner slopes off to research definitions of happiness; he's in the psych business. AP filmed psych interpretations of Primavera, too. They're 100 per cent absolute and totally contradictory. Freudian in red emphasises the moment of deflowering, and a gentle Jungian in black indicates mandala shapes.

AP has witty anecdotes about some authorities she approached who were just too dooty even for her film. But more on her mind is a worry that, with new policies for Channel 4, there will be no more commissions as stimulating as this, on which she spent six months. It seems that C4 has been like the Florence of Il Magnifico and his father Cosimo: a place of experiments removed from outside power struggles; an ideal

realm where arrogant, inspired patrons sponsored poets, craftsmen and artists and where the citizens were presumed to be bright. What does AP feel about Primavera? Feel, not know. That Venus is sad and looking back at the past. That it is about change.

IN THE film, a vivid Florentine-in-the-street, shown AP's repro, says it's full of grace and pregnant women. I like that and I go rummaging at home for a box of souvenirs from a cold wet spring spent in Florence searching for specimens of all 42 of those real plants in Primavera's foreground. Look, there's my poster of it, carried like a chart for miles, cracked down the folds, grappa-stained. And the list of flower names ticked when I found them: the spooky hellebore grew among sump oil in a rubbish dump, and a footballer jumped into corn so green the wind made no sound in it to pluck an early cornflower bud. A Florentine gardener in AP's film grumbles they don't all bloom in the spring, but I checked off the total 42.

I should like you to believe that it was an educated interest in Laurentian Florence that first hooked me on the painting, but it was, in fact, a House & Garden magazine ad decades ago for Pat Albeck's furnishing fabrics — curtains, sheets — based on Primavera's flowers. They were expensively printed on cotton. I could only afford the pillowcases, so I bought a cheap art-partwork in lieu of the rest of the decor and was spellbound by the subject. Through I never speculated what Primavera meant, it seemed then like those sixties Vogue fashion spreads with figures on exotic location, but no narrative. Or maybe a musical production number.

But I did think much about Botticelli himself: look, there's my notebook scribbled with his brief life. The studious, sickly son of a tanner; a goldsmith's apprentice; a pupil of Fra Filippo Lippi; he worked from home "as and when he pleases", as his father declared to the tax authorities when Sandro was 35. He sounded restless, a perfectionist taking commissions and either never beginning them or abandoning them incompleta. He hadn't had a Medici education, but that didn't silence him: "Without a scrap of learning and scarcely knowing how to read," a friend wrote, "he plays the commentator of Dante." "What do they mean, little barrel," wrote Il Magnifico, "he's a big mouth for input and output, never without an invitation to dinner and supper, at home anywhere and always buzzing into yours."

When the fortunes of Florence and the Medici declined in the 1490s, Sandro was converted by the austere and fundamentalist preacher Savonarola; he offered up his secular artworks to Savonarola's young cultural cadres who burnt them on the Bonfire of the Vanities in the Piazza della Signoria before Lent, 1498. Savonarola himself was burnt in that square the next year by those who had formerly advanced him. Botticelli lived one more decade. He painted ever less. "He is the only painter not burdened with commissions," wrote an agent to a prospective patron, "and he would gladly work for you." "Florence's most accepted humanist from those who respected his achievements, and they asked him to sit on the committee deciding where Michelangelo's David should stand. He was buried in his father's tomb, destitute."

I return my list to the box, with the Handbook Of Wild Flowers Of Southern Europe and the business card of the Japanese doctor who sat next to me all one soppy day that spring in the Uffizi regarding Flora's face. He had played truant from a conference in Switzerland to see it. He was not surprised by its size, because he had thought of it as a Japanese screen ever since in childhood, he first saw the picture in a book one summer day in Osaka, when he had to stay home because of air pollution.

Primavera, Myths Or Fingerprints, will be shown on C4 tonight at 8pm.

Pity the poor Bosnians, says **Gary Lachman**, for having to put up with the artist's convoy of peace

An embarrassment of liberals

Provocations

IN LOVE Thy Neighbor, his account of the Bosnian war, Washington Post journalist Peter Maas remarks that during the "conflict" Bosnia became "a choice stamp to have in your metaphysical passport". He mentions Bianca Jagger's "fact finding" visit in 1993, inferring that her humanitarian cachet profited more from this than any Bosnian did. Recently I had an opportunity to ponder Maas's wisdom. As a member of a London "artists' convoy" I was at the Art Of Freedom Festival held in Tuzla last month. Geared, according to its prospectus, to "provide an opportunity for the people of Tuzla to enjoy a diverse arts

festival after four years of war", and to be a "permanent marker for creativity and tolerance against nationalism and creeping ethnic cleansing", Umjetnost Slobode, as the festival was called in Bosnian, raised questions of how one gauges the success of these affairs. But, even more, it raised the question of exactly whose festival it was. That arrangements proved an exercise in disorganisation was bad enough. Basic requirements like lodging, food, toilets, not to mention scheduling of events, were, at best, shots in the dark. Tuzla's mayor, Selim Beslagic, wrote a letter welcoming the convoy. Yet according to John Davies of Workers Aid For Bosnia, one of the festival organisers, when the con-



voys reached Tuzla, nothing had been prepared for it. There were even suggestions of profiteering. Spanish aid workers, come to help rebuild the Dom Mlad, the youth home, were told they'd be charged for every hammer and nail.

Granted, organising massive affairs involving hundreds of people isn't easy, especially with a considerable language barrier. But looking at the festival prospectus, and reading the list of events that didn't happen, like the closing classical performance by flautist Wissam Boustany, one questions whether we should have been thankful for what did take place. Creating adverse conditions and congratulating yourself on the small achievements you squeeze out of them is a dubious business. And if the living conditions of the 100-plus members of the convoy — the corridor of a school, with two unreliable toilets and showers to accommodate all — were supposed to mirror those of some earlier occupants (300

refugee women who lived there for more than a year), then bad taste enters the equation. Disorganisation wasn't the worst of it. There was also the feeling we were imposing this festival on Tuzla. Realising no one, including ourselves, knew what was going on, a "procession" designed to "make as much noise as possible" was organised. No one took much notice of this. Yet what struck me were the costumes. One woman, a still-walker wrapped in black leather, wore insect-eye goggles and brandished arms that looked like ear muffs. She could have come off the set of Mad Max. This might go down well in Camden, but what does it have to do with multiculturalism and ethnic tolerance, especially in a country that had seen enough of real-life monsters? It seemed that for a great deal of the festival we were taking in each others' laundry: much of the audience at most of the events were members of the convoy. A call to "take to the streets"

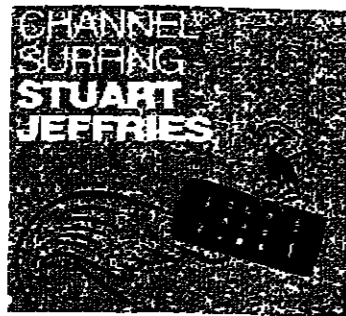
was given on the first day. Advertising, or desperation? Were we helping these people, or slumming? That some of Tuzla's teenagers enjoyed a free Dodgy concert is, to be sure, a good thing, as were the music and craft workshops that some of the local children attended. But I couldn't escape a feeling of strain, even at the successful events. And when a woman journalist assured me that "Bosnians want the same things we want," I wondered at her surprise, and the implied understanding that "they" were "just like us", and that that, of course, was a good thing. In a fireworks finale, explosions echoing those of a year before drove out devils in the form of Spanish dancers. I had to admit, really, and the embarrassment liberals feel when they realise their philanthropic efforts are a tad patronising. As Gary Valentini, the author was a composer and performer with the rock groups Blondie, Iggy Pop, and The Knack. He is now a writer living in London.

مكازم الترحيل

Sky's the limit

Anderson Shelter

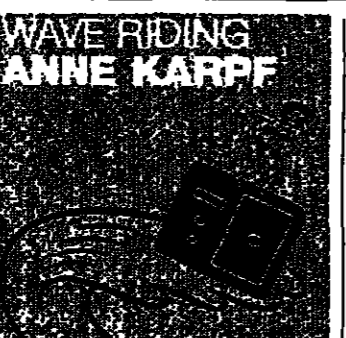
With Mackrell Who dare



Sky's the limit

IT WAS only nine minutes into Peter Benchley's The Beast (Sky 1) when they cut to a five-minute break. We barely got to know the smart young couple whose sailing holiday was rudely interrupted when they were sliced into bite-sized portions. (By four minutes in, even very simple viewers had worked out that the Beast was a giant squid, or its approximation. To all appearances, the cost-conscious effects johnnies had thrown a Greek starter into a fish tank and stirred vigorously with pitta bread.)

ive: that shot is all but the signature of Jaws, shown on Sky Movies Gold two days before. Bizarrely, re-viewing that movie was a fresh experience. Even an obviously rubber shark can seem menacing with a director who can construct suspense through editing and mastery of the mise en scene. Jaws even had enough guile to lampoon itself: the scuba divers jokingly terrify a beach with a plastic fin, a gag which at the same time fed our unease.



Anderson shelter

GERRY Anderson has done that horse thing. Having fallen off Radio 4, he's climbed right back on again. Not that his new series Gerry's Bar bears much relation to the infamous Anderson Country, which excited some Radio 4 listeners into believing that their radio sets were growing horns. Here he's back on his old patch, with a series of talks about his native Northern Ireland in the style of his previous series Stroke City, which made his name on the so-called mainland. Unlike Anderson Country, the new series displays his aptitudes, which are chiefly descriptive: the chap is splendid on summoning scenes, and turning in the crisp, funny line. But if Anderson is a storyteller of some skill, as a social analyst it's still not his point. His take on Belfast is not just patronising — the trouble with his fellow citizens is that they don't see "the big picture" (presumably he does) — but also seriously stereotypical, implying that its inhabitants are dotish bigots, prey to irrational beliefs. "So why are we at each other's throats for no good reason?", he asks rhetorically. It's not a useful way of making sense of religio-political strife, nor a fresh one.

times to demerol me: telling her callers-in what they should say to their errant partner or recalcitrant kid, she comes over like some strong-but-sincere actress giving a stirring speech. But on the whole her counsel is sound, she distinguishes well between the serious and the indulgent, and sometimes swiftly spots an underlying problem. Like (recently) a school non-attender's depression. Most valuably Raeburn narrows the great in-betweens — those untouched by social workers or psychotherapists. James Whale's evening Talk Radio phone-in is another matter. Full of artificial bombast, he uses listeners as a stage for his theatrical displays of self-importance. On Monday night some timid young thing had to wait while he railed mock-exasperatedly about who can remember what. The best bit was when he had to go off for a pee and two female callers-in got to chat between themselves. I've never understood why the satirists and parodists haven't got their hands on the phone-in, having burlesqued the news programme and chat show so successfully, but then I heard McDonald's new ad and there it was, a jolky money-saving tips phone-in, complete with nifty caller using the line of fake intimacy ("To be honest, Roland"). The ad has just won an Aerial Award, a monthly prize for radio advertisements which culminates in the annual awards next month. Other winners include the COI's highly interactive army recruiting commercial, beginning with the words "If you're thinking of joining the Army, try this simple exercise" and then entreating us to stay still for 40 seconds, with chiding comments like "I can hear your breathing" from the voiceover in between. For a few moments, the listener becomes a virtual soldier, hiding in enemy territory. But most inspired is the Littlewoods ad, by the DMB&B agency, in which an announcer reading the football results slowly realises that he's won 250 grand. Continuing in the same tone he says "Ha Ha Ha 3: I'll Never Have To Read This Dirge Again 2... My Producer Is A Moron 3: I Only Launched At His Jokes To Be Polite 2". Wit and pithy narrative in under two minutes — no haiku could do better.



After Ella... Annie Ross, one-time child star — and niece of Elly Logan — who grew up to become Britain's only truly international female jazz star

The lady is a champ

Cool, sophisticated and Scots. John Fordham pays homage to jazz great Annie Ross

The legend

"LOSE enough for jazz" is a well-oiled maxim that says things work best if the edges are a little ragged. It's a principle that Annie Ross, the elegantly Americanised Scots singer — who played herself in the film Shortcuts — only observes according to her own strict definitions. Ross is at the Cafe Royal's Green Room for a fortnight, a venue from which you'd not only be turned away if you turned up in sneakers, but probably offered reduced rates with a local psychiatrist. It's such a cushioned environment, striving to audiences of well-heeled drifters who don't quite know what they're buying a ticket for, that it almost threw even the sophisticated Ms Ross.

a singer her combination of meticulous attention to the anatomies of classic songs and a built-in ability to swing like a rhythm section (the product of years of familiarity with some of jazz history's greatest rhythm players, including Count Basie's) made her the most internationally respected jazz vocalist ever to have had a connection with these shores, even including Cleo Laine. But the qualities that have led to this reputation aren't as explicit or easy to define as they were for her famous American vocal contemporaries. They are more impassive and elusive than Ella Fitzgerald's (exuberant innocence), Billie Holiday's (vulnerable sensuality) or Sarah Vaughan's (soulful grandiloquence) and she doesn't take the risks Betty Carter does, by appearing to let audiences into her innermost psychological turmoil.

usually sing. One such was To Hell With Love, a brooding reflection on the price of passion that was a highlight of the opening night at the Green Room. Ross rubbed the point in by the way the drama of the song evolved, from bruised broodiness in twilight at the start (the singer brought her own lighting expert for the season, Dizley Jones) to a frantic assertiveness that rattled the glassware. She inhabited this song in a way that closed the sometimes tantalising gap between where she appears to be and where she really is, but it's a song that's close to a travelling artist's heart. Annie Ross has an unusual angle on showbusiness for a jazz star, and it suffuses all her songs. She was raised for the stage and began appearing in Hollywood movies as a child. (She became the foster daughter of her singer aunt Ella Logan in California when she was three, decided to sing jazz when she was five on hearing Ella Fitzgerald's A Ticket A Tasket, and Scots comic Jimmy Logan and

singer Buddy Logan were close relatives.) Unlike virtually all British jazz artists, she thus grew up with the great stars of the music just around the corner, and wasn't fazed by launching a career on a Fifties world stage that already included Fitzgerald, Holiday and Vaughan. She was bright and curious, and she absorbed instrumentalists' methods as if she played a horn herself. Ella Logan understood jazz, and had close connections with the jazz world, which brought Lena Horne, Duke Ellington, Errol Garner and many others to the house. Wednesday's show confirmed that Ross's habits as an actress make her careful with lighting, clothes, and stagecraft, and not simply out of compensation for the passing years, but because she's done it all her life. For all that, she sounded edgy in her opening pieces, though delicately caressed into her stride by an excellent trio featuring three sensitive listeners in pianist Dave Newton, bassist Andy Cleynedert

and the veteran drummer Jack Parnell. Don't Get Around Much Anymore was a mixture of purred turning into growls set against sudden percussive exclamations, turning into a Fitzgerald-like headlong scot. Twisted, her sardonic psychiatrist's-couch narrative set to a famous sax solo by Wardell Gray was there, too, now deeper, and more phlegmatically delivered. Long after the show Ms Ross was sitting at the bar with the band, unwinding with a drink. She had introduced herself to the Green Room's support singer, who remarked that it was unusual for the headline act to stay on the premises and converse, they usually headed for the exit flanked by minders. "It doesn't make sense to me, that star behaviour. Ross mused. "Friendships help cover the emotional gaps that life on the road causes. But more important than that, it's just about being a human being."

Miller's Traviata succeeds in spite of him, says Andrew Clements

Doctor - No!

THE let-down LA BOHEME, Tosca, Carmen and now Traviata; it's become a tradition of Dennis Marks' regime at the English National Opera to open the season with a new production of a popular, repertory piece. Like its predecessors, Jonathan Miller's Traviata is straightforward enough to keep the box-office busy for a number of seasons to come. There are certainly several aspects of the show that deserve to be widely seen and heard. They're mostly musical ones — the rewards of the evening are founded upon a beautifully modulated, slowish yet elegantly paced reading of the score by the American conductor Stephen Mercello, who is making his debut at the Coliseum. The playing was immensely refined, and it lays the basis for a number of first-class performances. Rosa Mannion's Violetta is a remarkable, heart-wrenching achievement, full of touching details and inflection that makes the final moments of the opera hard to bear. She may not be a Violetta in the traditional impulsive mould. She is not the life and soul of the party in the opening scene but a person tiring of life, so that Alfredo is the man in the right place at the right time. At the start, John Hudson's performance as Alfredo seemed stiff, but by the second act the passion all



Outstanding... Rosa Mannion

fell into place. The Germont, Christopher Robertson, suggested several layers beneath the severe exterior. There are good supporting performances too, from Nerys Jones's Flora, Ashley Holland's bullying, bear-like Baron, and Anthony Mee's camped up Viscount. Yet despite these detailed characterisations, Miller's approach as a whole is all too generalised. His visual starting point was Nadar's mid-19th-century photographs of Parisian society, and he peoples the production with their likenesses, to anchor it firmly in the period and the world of Dumas' La Dame Aux

Book of the Week

TONY BLAIR'S BLUEPRINT FOR A NEW BRITAIN

"New Britain" is a book from the very heart of the New Labour Party, the most personal and extensive portrait of a leader in advance of a General Election. More than a declaration of convictions and beliefs it is an opportunity to understand what plans Tony Blair has for a revived, reinvigorated Britain. Only £8.99 (free p&p) To order call FREE now on 0500 418 419 or fill in coupon below Please send me... copies of Tony Blair's New Britain at £8.99 inc. p&p in UK. I enclose a cheque / PO made payable to 'Guardian Intermedia' / Please debit my Access Visa Delta Mastercard Switch Card No. Mr / Mrs / Miss ... Cant Expiry Date ... Address ... Postcode ... Telephone ... Signature Send to: Guardian Intermedia, 250 Western Avenue, London W3 6XZ Tel: +44 181 254 5588 outside UK Fax: 0181 254 5678 E-Mail: doi@mail.bogoo.co.uk Please cut out and send to: Guardian Intermedia, 250 Western Avenue, London W3 6XZ

Judith Mackrell applauds Swan Lake at the Piccadilly Theatre

Who dares swims

THE triumph BALLET companies usually regard Swan Lake as the most reliable warhorse in their repertoire, the public never tiring of its exquisite Swan Princesses or of Tchaikovsky's familiar score. But for Matthew Bourne, director of Adventures in Motion Pictures, transferring his own production to the Piccadilly Theatre this week was potentially the riskiest thing he's ever done. Pure dance rarely ventures into

the commercially capricious West End because it relies on a loyal, carefully targeted public, and AMP's own interpretation of the ballet is particularly tricky to sell, since it dares something that's only been attempted as transverse parody before — it has all the tite parodique of men. When the Swans danced at Sadler's Wells last year, it was cushioned by a core dance audience which could appreciate the work's seriousness as well as get its jokes. Bourne's attempt to get this audience back for a second viewing and to hook

Bourne's re-write of the ballet, which shows Prince Siegfried as the mad melancholy victim of a loveless Palace upbringing, rings a thousand bells for any contemporary Royal watcher. The ballet was enthralling first time round but on a second viewing it looks even better. Technically the dancing has grown tighter so that the male corps invest an even more thrilling wildness into the powered grace of their Swan rituals. Adam Cooper in the Odette/Odile role dominates the stage as a savagely beautiful force of nature, his arms braced like an eagle's wings, his gaze both remote and perplexed as he hesitates over his affection for the wimpish Prince. Fiona Chadwick's Queen is a comic gem, and Scott Ambler's Siegfried has become even more haplessly

poignant. It's not Petipa and Ivanov, and there are brief moments where you miss the love poetry of the original. But the terrifying final act, where the lovers are torn apart, makes Tchaikovsky's score far more viscerally exciting than any classical interpretation. Before the show opened rumours were flying around that AMP were seriously considering a Broadway run. Mad hubris, we all thought. Yet the response of this audience — pecked with critics and heavyweight stars from both theatre and dance — made us think again. As the whole auditorium rose in a spontaneous standing ovation we found ourselves in the middle of one of dance's most unexpected fairy tales — a tiny company's West End triumph. Details: 0171-387 7734

Advertisement for Mapplethorpe exhibition at Hayward Gallery. Text includes: Hayward Gallery, London W3 6XZ. Tel: +44 181 254 5588. Open daily. Telephone: 0171-387 4242. Mapplethorpe exhibition details.

Golf

Woosie snipes at early bird Monty

David Davies at St Nona in Bretoche

THE big fight is scheduled for the end of October, a catchweight contest over four rounds, four hours each round, between the blue (for Scotland) corner, big, blushing Colin Montgomerie and in the red (for Wales) corner, the Welsh wonder, Ian Woosnam.

Montgomerie is ahead on points overall this season, having won last week in Switzerland to turn a \$50,000 deficit to Woosnam into a \$50,000 advantage. But both these fighters are playing in every counting event from now on and, with more than \$3 million still to be won, there is still room for much manoeuvring.

that, when I go out late that day, I can see his shadow done a 68 or whatever and it puts the pressure on me, I've got to try and match him. It's happened in six of our last seven tournaments now. Woosnam has a strategy, but it only brought me a fifth prize to the face of Montgomerie when told of the Welshman's complaints. "He's worried, is he?" said the Scot. "Well, that's great. I'm delighted he's making these points. I'm glad he's upset. It's my job to make him upset. In fact I have to upset as many as I can. Like I did Sam Torrance last week."

De Lorenzi shoots record 64

THE Frenchwoman Marie-Laure de Lorenzi set a pace no one could match when she shot a course-record 64 in the Wilkinson Sword English Open at The Oxfordshire yesterday.

back on 138. The Frenchwoman, who had a breakfast-time start, equalled her lowest tour round. She never went over par as she carded eight birdies to set up the chance of a first win of the year.

The eagle at the long 16th needed two driver shots and a 30ft putt, and the birdie at the short 18th came when a chip that would have gone 20 feet past the hole instead hit the pin and dropped in. "It was a particularly good shot, which got a lucky kick to give me the chip I had. Then I hit the shot too hard..." On such strokes of luck are great achievements built.



Hat trick... Joint leader Jesper Parnevik (and trademark cap) lines up a putt in his 69

Basketball

Lack of long-term home investment hidden behind import-led boom

Robert Pryce THERE will be twice as many foreigners in the Basketball League this season. The clubs, the league, Sky Television and even the English association apparently believe this is good for the British game. Skill levels should rise and the players' union should sink. "Who's complaining?" asks one league official.

count shows that about 20 English players who appeared in the league last season have gone elsewhere in Europe and that about 30 extra foreigners have been recruited in their place. The Englishmen are earning more abroad than they could in the Bud League and the clubs have successfully filled the gaps. So who is complaining? Apart from the 23 Englishmen who the Basketball Players Association claims have been "swept out of a job" — including such recent England internationals as Dave Roper, Steve Darlow and Jason Crump — it is only a few BPA officials, and they

have mostly moved abroad. The issue, the England centre Martin Henlan continues to insist from his new club in Heraklion, is the league's lack of "commitment to the talent and development of English youth". In this respect only one Bud League club receives his approval: the newly promoted Crystal Palace.

Americans may temporarily satisfy the needs of the sport, he says, "as a long-term solution I'm not sold on the idea, because there are no kids coming through". Yet Byrd has two particularly promising English players at Palace. Wayne Henry, another player developed by the Britton Topcats, could be "the next Steve Bucknall" and Neil Ricketts, prominent in Palace's run to the National Cup semi-finals last season, will be given the chance to develop into a formidable power forward. "I don't think he'll be as good as some of the Americans coming into the league," says

Byrd, "but he may be in a couple of years." Some people cannot wait that long. Tomorrow Sky, which has committed itself to broadcasting a live game every Sunday after the Premiership soccer game, will be showing the Birmingham Bulls against the Playboys TV Leopards. Birmingham will play five Americans, including one apparently called Fabulous Flournoy, the Leopards will have four. Few British players will be seen on court; however will be expected to contribute to the scoring. We will be told how wonderful the league will be this season. And no one will be heard complaining.

Motor Racing

Hakkinen signs for next season

MIKA HAKKINEN, who recovered from serious injuries sustained practising for last year's Australian Grand Prix to be a front runner in this year's world championship, has been re-signed by the McLaren-Mercedes team for 1997 and will continue to partner David Coulthard, writes Alan Henry. Ralf Schumacher, the 21-year-old brother of the world champion Michael, has turned down an offer to be the McLaren test driver and will shortly sign a deal to race for Jordan-Peugeot.

Tennis

Hot and cold Rusedski acts the brittle Brit

Stephen Barley in Bournemouth

GREG RUSEDSKI is not a man to sink into deep and unfathomable moods of gloom but yesterday, on the enduring smile was hidden cloud of frustration. "You know you have to change and you don't," he said. "That's a sign of mediocrity."

duly did so to go 2-0 up in the second set. "If Greg had got on a roll I would have been packing my bags," he said. "The Australian roared off the games to take the second set as easily as Rusedski had the first. The Canadian-born Briton explained: "Jason's concentration was better. I'm making too many mental errors. I have to concentrate more. I just don't seem to be clearing it up this year."

He had just been beaten by Jason Stoltenberg in the Bournemouth International quarter-finals, despite taking the first set 6-1 with play of such sustained excellence that the Australian, a semi-finalist at Wimbledon this year, was rendered powerless. But thereafter it was as if all the elasticity in Rusedski's body disappeared and a brittleness engulfed him which shredded his confidence.

"I go blank out there," he said, shaking his head as if to loosen something he had locked inside. "I have these spurts. I get the big wins and then..." The other British survivor, Danny Sapsford, knew well enough that his time on the centre court would be brief, for in Spain's Alberto Costa he had a rival who was the world's leading clay-court player. The No. 1 seed allowed Sapsford just two games. Costa might expect to play his fellow Spaniard Sergi Bruguera in today's semi-final but the twice French Open finalist was surprisingly beaten by Sweden's Magnus Norman.

Bangor (N.H.)

- 2.10 Barnard City 3.40 Warner's Sports 2.40 Stone Star 4.10 Silverdale Knight 3.10 Star Market 4.40 Reelin

Sedgefield (N.H.)

- 1.50 What's Secret 3.35 Notable Exception 2.50 Farnsworth 4.05 Prelude To Peace 2.80 The Calliopean 4.25 Sea Lark

Worcester (N.H.)

- 2.55 Minnesota Fats 4.00 Wadada 2.55 Steiner Black 4.25 Collette 3.20 Royal Vacation 5.05 Barton Blade

2.10 LONG SHOT NATIONAL HUNT HORSE RACE

- 1 090-1 INTERNAL CITY (10) G. Richards 5-11-5 A. Maguire 2 070-1 COUNTRY IMPRESO (10) S. Douch 5-11-5 J. Mitchell 3 080-1 BARRY GALE (10) G. McCon 5-11-5 G. Bradley 4 030-1 GALLOWAY (10) J. D. Jones 5-11-5 D. Bradstreet 5 020-1 PONSIFER (10) J. O'Shea 5-11-5 Michael Brennan (7) 6 000-1 HONEYCREEK (10) J. D. Jones 5-11-5 A. P. McCoy 7 000-1 HONEYCREEK (10) J. D. Jones 5-11-5 A. P. McCoy 8 000-1 HONEYCREEK (10) J. D. Jones 5-11-5 A. P. McCoy

2.50 POLLY HOPES CONDITIONAL JOCKEY'S SELLING

- 1 1184-1 COOPER HILL (10) G. Richards 5-11-5 J. Mitchell 2 1275-1 COOPER HILL (10) G. Richards 5-11-5 J. Mitchell 3 1275-1 COOPER HILL (10) G. Richards 5-11-5 J. Mitchell 4 1275-1 COOPER HILL (10) G. Richards 5-11-5 J. Mitchell 5 1275-1 COOPER HILL (10) G. Richards 5-11-5 J. Mitchell

2.55 DUNDEEWAY MAIDEN HURDLE

- 1 1184-1 COOPER HILL (10) G. Richards 5-11-5 J. Mitchell 2 1275-1 COOPER HILL (10) G. Richards 5-11-5 J. Mitchell 3 1275-1 COOPER HILL (10) G. Richards 5-11-5 J. Mitchell 4 1275-1 COOPER HILL (10) G. Richards 5-11-5 J. Mitchell 5 1275-1 COOPER HILL (10) G. Richards 5-11-5 J. Mitchell

2.40 TOTX CREDIT CLUB HORSE RACE

- 1 134-1 SONIC STAR (7) D. Nicholson 7-13-4 A. Maguire 2 1414-1 BILL OFTEN (10) G. Richards 5-11-5 J. Mitchell 3 1414-1 BILL OFTEN (10) G. Richards 5-11-5 J. Mitchell 4 1414-1 BILL OFTEN (10) G. Richards 5-11-5 J. Mitchell

2.50 SHOTTOWN HORSE RACE

- 1 134-1 SONIC STAR (7) D. Nicholson 7-13-4 A. Maguire 2 1414-1 BILL OFTEN (10) G. Richards 5-11-5 J. Mitchell 3 1414-1 BILL OFTEN (10) G. Richards 5-11-5 J. Mitchell 4 1414-1 BILL OFTEN (10) G. Richards 5-11-5 J. Mitchell

2.55 DUNDEEWAY MAIDEN HURDLE

- 1 134-1 SONIC STAR (7) D. Nicholson 7-13-4 A. Maguire 2 1414-1 BILL OFTEN (10) G. Richards 5-11-5 J. Mitchell 3 1414-1 BILL OFTEN (10) G. Richards 5-11-5 J. Mitchell 4 1414-1 BILL OFTEN (10) G. Richards 5-11-5 J. Mitchell

3.10 BUCK FRANCIS HANDICAP HURDLE

- 1 018-1 STAR HARBOR (10) G. Richards 5-11-5 A. Maguire 2 018-1 STAR HARBOR (10) G. Richards 5-11-5 A. Maguire 3 018-1 STAR HARBOR (10) G. Richards 5-11-5 A. Maguire 4 018-1 STAR HARBOR (10) G. Richards 5-11-5 A. Maguire

2.50 JOHNNY HENLEY HONORIAL HANDICAP

- 1 012-1 OLD SLAY (10) G. Richards 5-11-5 A. Maguire 2 012-1 OLD SLAY (10) G. Richards 5-11-5 A. Maguire 3 012-1 OLD SLAY (10) G. Richards 5-11-5 A. Maguire 4 012-1 OLD SLAY (10) G. Richards 5-11-5 A. Maguire

3.30 DUNDEEWAY MAIDEN HURDLE

- 1 018-1 STAR HARBOR (10) G. Richards 5-11-5 A. Maguire 2 018-1 STAR HARBOR (10) G. Richards 5-11-5 A. Maguire 3 018-1 STAR HARBOR (10) G. Richards 5-11-5 A. Maguire 4 018-1 STAR HARBOR (10) G. Richards 5-11-5 A. Maguire

3.40 CHESTERMANS HONORIAL HANDICAP

- 1 018-1 STAR HARBOR (10) G. Richards 5-11-5 A. Maguire 2 018-1 STAR HARBOR (10) G. Richards 5-11-5 A. Maguire 3 018-1 STAR HARBOR (10) G. Richards 5-11-5 A. Maguire 4 018-1 STAR HARBOR (10) G. Richards 5-11-5 A. Maguire

4.05 PATRICKS HONORIAL HURDLE

- 1 018-1 STAR HARBOR (10) G. Richards 5-11-5 A. Maguire 2 018-1 STAR HARBOR (10) G. Richards 5-11-5 A. Maguire 3 018-1 STAR HARBOR (10) G. Richards 5-11-5 A. Maguire 4 018-1 STAR HARBOR (10) G. Richards 5-11-5 A. Maguire

4.35 CORPORATION STREET HORSE RACE

- 1 018-1 STAR HARBOR (10) G. Richards 5-11-5 A. Maguire 2 018-1 STAR HARBOR (10) G. Richards 5-11-5 A. Maguire 3 018-1 STAR HARBOR (10) G. Richards 5-11-5 A. Maguire 4 018-1 STAR HARBOR (10) G. Richards 5-11-5 A. Maguire

4.40 DEAD OYSTERS HANDICAP HURDLE

- 1 018-1 STAR HARBOR (10) G. Richards 5-11-5 A. Maguire 2 018-1 STAR HARBOR (10) G. Richards 5-11-5 A. Maguire 3 018-1 STAR HARBOR (10) G. Richards 5-11-5 A. Maguire 4 018-1 STAR HARBOR (10) G. Richards 5-11-5 A. Maguire

4.35 CORPORATION STREET HORSE RACE

- 1 018-1 STAR HARBOR (10) G. Richards 5-11-5 A. Maguire 2 018-1 STAR HARBOR (10) G. Richards 5-11-5 A. Maguire 3 018-1 STAR HARBOR (10) G. Richards 5-11-5 A. Maguire 4 018-1 STAR HARBOR (10) G. Richards 5-11-5 A. Maguire

5.05 BOSTONIAN STAMFORD OPEN

- 1 018-1 STAR HARBOR (10) G. Richards 5-11-5 A. Maguire 2 018-1 STAR HARBOR (10) G. Richards 5-11-5 A. Maguire 3 018-1 STAR HARBOR (10) G. Richards 5-11-5 A. Maguire 4 018-1 STAR HARBOR (10) G. Richards 5-11-5 A. Maguire

Cigar whose run of 16 straight wins ended in last month's Pacific Classic at Del Rey, bids to restore his reputation in the Grade One Woodward Stakes at Belmont Park today.

James Fanshawe's Almond Rock (David Harrison) and Peter Harris's Popsy Carrow (Gary Hind) contest the Group Two Made in Europe Val des Pres Trophy over 10 furlongs in Frankfurt tomorrow, while Ray Cochrane (Artan) and Richard Hughes (Silent Lake) both have local mounts booked.

Sport in brief

Rugby League

Sheffield Eagles will next season play at Bramall Lane, home of the Sheffield United FC, although the Don Valley Stadium, their base since 1991, will be used for the 1997 Challenge Cup and Alliance fixtures, writes Paul Fitzpatrick. John Bentley, the Halifax winger, has withdrawn from Great Britain's tour to Papua New Guinea. Fiji and New Zealand and is replaced by Jonathan Roper, the 20-year-old Warrington centre.

Sports Politics

Capital gains for Wembley

WEMBLEY's campaign to be the year-old battle to be the new national stadium received a big boost yesterday when its six-monthly figures showed a 71 per cent increase in operating profit and a major reduction in debt to £33.5 million. Wembley's bid is certainly not unencumbered by any negative issues concerning its financial stability," a Wembley spokesman said yesterday. "This issue was over come last year, following on from a wholly successful refinancing of our parent, the stadium complex itself saw operating profit increase by 130 per cent, helped by the six sell-out Euro 96 matches staged there. And City analysts say that the long-term future of the company looks more secure after a recent change of top management."

Table Tennis

Carl Preen, who refused to play for England all last season, will not be in the team for the opening match of the European League campaign against Turkey at St Austell today, writes Richard Jago. The former national champion has club commitments in Germany which take priority over England's efforts to win promotion to the Super Division. It is 16 months since he played for England.

Sailing

Poul-Ricard Hoj-Jensen, Denmark's Olympic gold medalist in the Solings in 1976 and 1980, became European champion in the Dragon class when the last day's racing at Pwllheli was cancelled because of an unsteady wind, writes Bob Fisher. He beat Cees Nater of Holland by 3.3 points.

Soccer

Arsenal say Wenger is coming, Houston going and Rice sticking

Martin Thorpe

ARSENE WENGER will join Arsenal before the end of this month. Meanwhile Stewart Houston's decision to quit Highbury yesterday could speed his arrival as the new manager of Queens Park Rangers.

He discounted as "complete nonsense" reports that Wenger will not arrive until next year, an assertion supported by the fact that Granus has finally appointed Carlos Queiroz, a Portuguese coach, as the Frenchman's replacement.

"I think you will find that the new man will be with us originally said he would be," said Hill-Wood. Houston, the former Gunners No. 2 and recently caretaker manager, is understood to have been offered a post as assistant manager to his former Arsenal boss George Graham, now at Leeds, as well as the chance to take over at Loftus Road.

And Stewart is a very good man. He also has to plot their attempt to overturn a 3-2 deficit against Borussia Mönchengladbach in the second leg of the UEFA Cup in Cologne on September 25 — a few days before Arsenal must expect Wenger to arrive.

However, there is also speculation that if Houston joins QPR he will take Rice with him. Nevertheless Hill-Wood insisted that Arsenal were not in turmoil. "We have taken a great deal of criticism for getting rid of Bruce Rioch and having nobody in place to take over from him. But there is never the same level of criticism when, say, Manchester City or Tottenham do something similar."



Houston... tempted by QPR

The column that puts the vile in Vale

Soccer Diary

Martin Thorpe

THE DIARY would like to share with you extracts from the Port Vale programme. For those of a sensitive disposition, we suggest you look away.

claimed nobody is interested in buying me. Other managers will be looking at the picture Joe has painted of me and think, 'We could do without that sort of boisterous beast.' Make your mind up, lad.

POT George and Leeds together and you get Le Gred Goes. Yes, it gets worse. If the Arab prince buys Manchester City, will there be a boomerang sheikh-up? (Blame Doug Meredith of Manchester for that one.)

WINGATE and Pischke are in the Kic League Third Division. So perhaps you would not expect them to have a team bus. Well, they have actually got an £11,500 Cadillac De Ville.

As this same column recently included a 132-word sentence without any punctuation, perhaps now would be a fitting moment for someone to provide a final full stop.

OF COURSE, Vale's manager John Rudge is no stranger to seeing odd things in the programme. His Christmas 1990 column alleged: "The players will do a training session to run off their Christmas pub."

CONFUSING times for fans of Scottish sides. Hamilton plays for Falkirk. Striving turns out for Partick, and Brechin and Caledonian Thistle have a Ross.

CAN WE really believe Dean Holdsworth's version of his bust-up with the Wimbledon manager Joe Kinnear? "I think he just wants me out to get money in to buy new players," said the striker this week.

YOU WILL need to know that Peter Beardsley was recently done for speeding. Only then can you fully appreciate that an anagram of his name is Speed Ray Beiter.

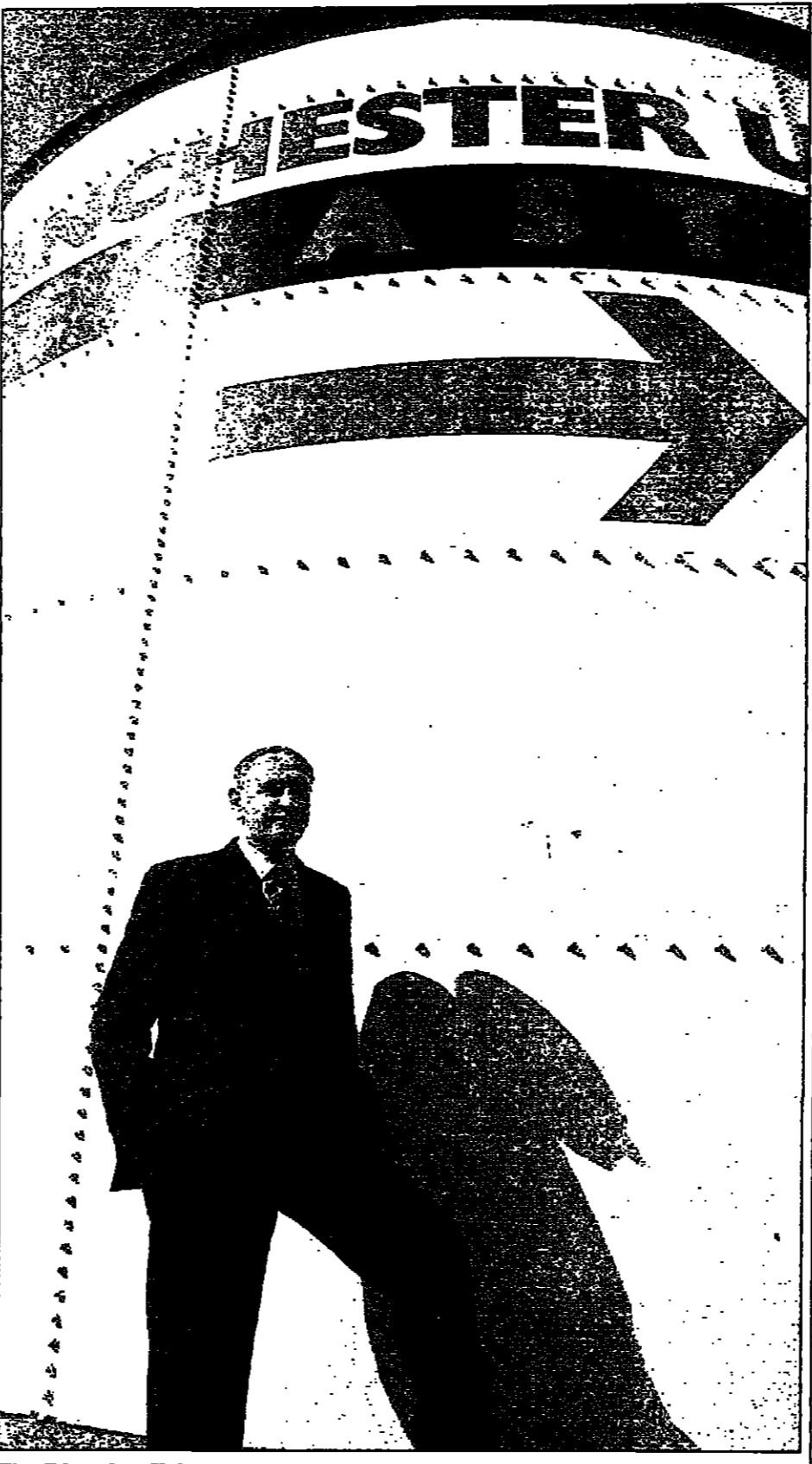
United put their shirts on the Alex Ferguson of merchandising

Martin Thorpe on one field in which the best of British beats the rest out of sight

MANCHESTER United are the best in the world and the likes of Real Madrid, Benfica, Paris Saint Germain and Bayern Munich visit Old Trafford to listen and learn.

centage ratio between shirt sales and other sales was 80-20; now it is 40-60. Still, other clubs struggle to see the light. They may show interest, come to see the set-up, but usually miss the point. "There are two clubs nearby who thought that because United have a huge store they wanted one. But it's not the size of the store, it's how you lay it out, what your product is, how your staff are. Those two clubs didn't think it through and they just don't work."

More merchandise, more money, but all for United, Freedman's operation made £3 million profit for them last year. "The football always comes first," he says. "Without that there is no brand to sell. Ditching the grey kit cost us a lot of money, but the manager and players didn't like it so financial considerations went out the window. And for the fans we've kicked £10 off the replacement shirt out next month."



King Edward... United's super salesman outside his megastore

No, not Alex Ferguson's nightly dream but a daily reality. Of United's £80 million turnover last season, £23 million came from one, surprising source: merchandising — everything from replica shirts and videos to books and bedside lamps.

Managing director, sells more than 600 products through 5,000 sq ft megastore. Mention replica shirts to them and they spit back "rip-off" and "exploitation". Nonsense, argues Freedman. "People like to belong to a group and show their allegiance," he says. "So if there is a demand you give that demand what they want. But there is no way we exploit fans. Exploiting is over-charging or selling poor-quality goods. United won't do that. I won't do that. Anything I don't consider good value, we don't sell."

Never mind, United sell on, looking next to expand their overseas sales, which currently account for only five per cent of total turnover. More merchandise, more money, but all for United, Freedman's operation made £3 million profit for them last year. "The football always comes first," he says. "Without that there is no brand to sell. Ditching the grey kit cost us a lot of money, but the manager and players didn't like it so financial considerations went out the window. And for the fans we've kicked £10 off the replacement shirt out next month."

BELL'S SCOTTISH LEAGUE

- First Division: Aberdeen v Kilmarnock, Dundee Utd v Celtic, Dunfermline v Motherwell, Charlton v Reading, Rangers v Hearts.

LEAGUE OF WALES

- First Division: Ebbw Vale, Carmarthen Tn v Cemaes Bay, Connah's Quay v Aberystwyth, Conwy v Welshpool.

Rugby Union

- PREMIERSHIP CUP: First rounds Barnley v Barnstaple, Birmingham/Bolton v O Haylesians.

A N Other

THE year England won the World Cup was also the year this distinguished exponent of football's creative arts signed professional forms with a firm of ironmongers down Plaistow way.

Weekend fixtures

- (10 o'clock kick-off) Soccer FA CARLING PREMIERSHIP Derby v Sunderland, Everton v Middlesbrough.

NATIONWIDE LEAGUE

- First Division: Birmingham v QPR, Bolton v Portsmouth, Charlton v Reading.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE

- First Division: Airdrie v Greenock Morton, East Fife v St Johnstone.

FA NATIONAL LEAGUE

- Premier Division: Barnsley v Hartlepool, Bradford City v Bradford Park Avenue.

FA WOMEN'S PREMIER LEAGUE

- National Division: Liverpool FC v Arsenal, Aston Villa v Tottenham Hotspur.

Evergreen Wilkins primed to infuse Hibs' young blood



Alfons Asanovic (Derby County), whose all-round qualities shone at Blackburn on Monday.

AS A refuge for senescent internationalists, Scottish soccer seems to be doing its bit to relieve the burden on Help the Aged, writes Patrick Glenn.

While the 35-year-old Chris Waddle was signing the form that would contract him to Falkirk, Ray Wilkins was confirming that he will celebrate his 40th birthday today in a Hibernian jersey. The former QPR player-manager also agreed a monthly deal with the Easter Road club, and will face Raith Rovers in Edinburgh.

Not lost their enjoyment. Alex Miller, the Hibernian manager, also revealed that he is taking the German midfielder Thurstein Schumme on a month's trial from FC Bochum.

It is Hearts and Dundee United, however, who are charged with the task today of making an impact on the leaders in the Premier Division. Hearts travel to Inver for a collision with Rangers, while United entertain Celtic.

Rangers suffered a 3-0 defeat in Zurich on Wednesday which will have done nothing for their buoyancy. "Yes, we have the job of trying to lift ourselves," said the champion manager Walter Smith, who has added the midfielder Alf Ferguson to his squad. "But we can't allow the European Cup to interfere with our league campaign."

Scottish preview

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Grace R... the final

Soccer Diary

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'Beast' joining United at second time of asking

MIGUEL Angel Nadal, the Spanish international defender nicknamed the "Beast of Barcelona", is expected to sign for Manchester United next week despite failing to agree personal terms with them in the summer.

manager Brian Little quoted his predecessor a £200,000 fee. Atkinson, who worked with McGrath at Old Trafford and Villa Park, was hoping to exploit the 36-year-old's dissatisfaction at losing his place in the first team and the Republic of Ireland squad this season.

Scottish preview

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Scottish preview

Cricket County Championship: Grace R... the final. Defiant Th... plays the... Moreboard. Festival at AS...

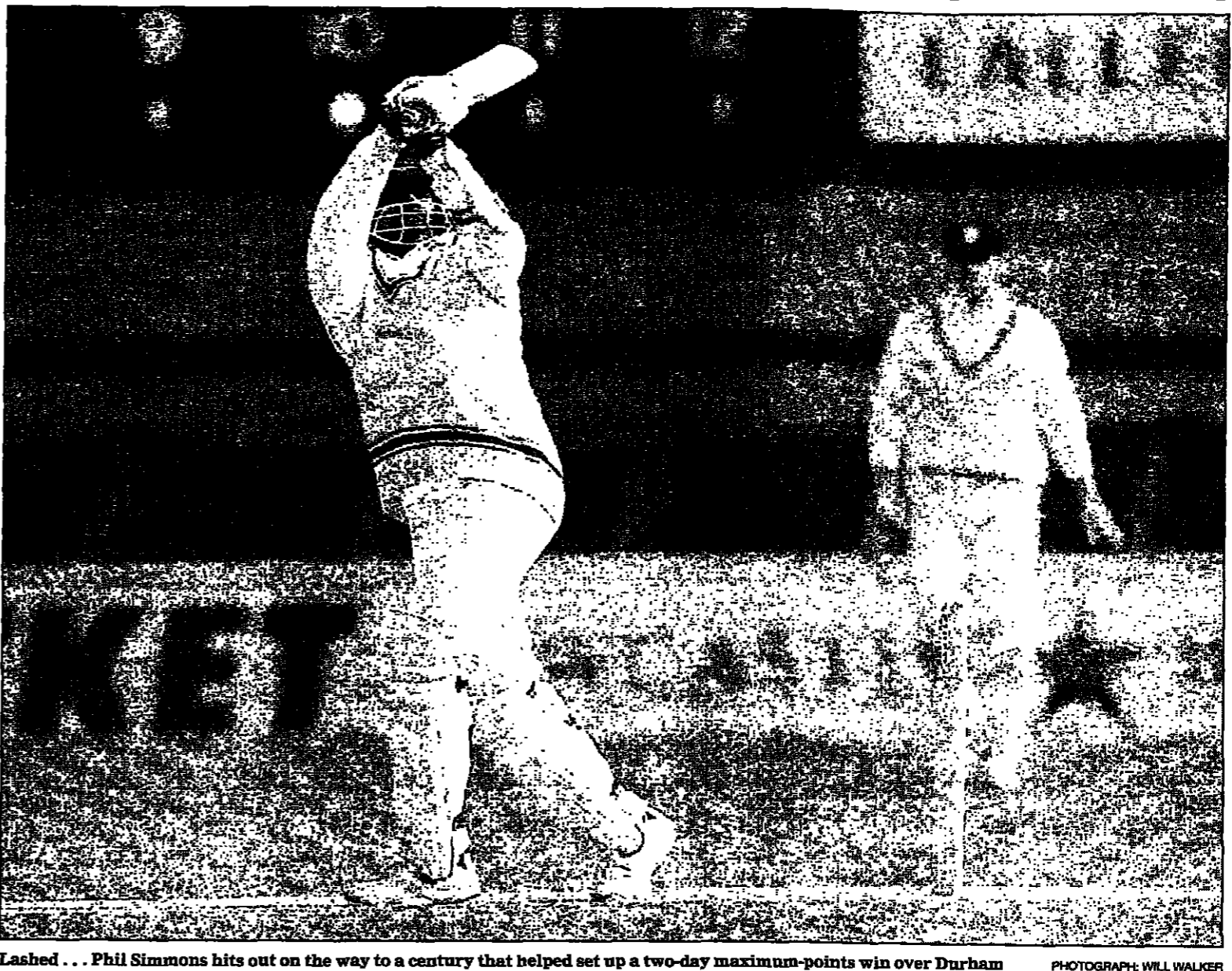
Cricket County Championship: Durham v Leicestershire

Grace Road awaits the final assault

David Hopps at Chester-le-Street... INACTIVITY leads to restlessness in Leicestershire...

Durham's second innings was blown away for 89 shortly before six o'clock by two bowlers who epitomise Leicestershire's season...

In such a situation, any self-respecting county attack would have been based with discipline and built up the pressure...



Lashed... Phil Simmons hits out on the way to a century that helped set up a two-day maximum-points win over Durham

Glamorgan v Surrey

Defiant Thorpe plays title role

David Foot at Cardiff... FOR three hours Graham Thorpe depended on his batting to help Glamorgan's persevering slow bowlers...

But of course it was never going to be easy curtailing Surrey's innings. There was too much palpably at stake...

Derbyshire v Warwickshire

DeFreitas digs in for victory

Mike Salvey at Derby... WITH the news of the Chester-le-Street cakewalk filtering through the grapevine...

at second slip three overs previously. But he had played exceptionally well for 50 overs...

Essex v Sussex

Gooch is still in the driving seat

Paul Weaver at Chelmsford... THERE are those who are beginning to suspect that Graham Gooch is not real at all...

following the demise of Ed Giddins but here yesterday Gooch drove him with massive authority...

Notts ripped apart by Gough's blast

Notts ripped apart by Gough's blast

AN EXPLOSIVE burst of bowling by Darren Gough gave Yorkshire victory by six wickets and six runs over Nottinghamshire at Scarborough...

Once he found his rhythm in his second spell Gough tore through the Nottinghamshire order...

Scoreboard

Table with 2 columns: Team, Score. Includes Britannic Assurance County Championship and various match results.

Derbyshire v Warwickshire

Table with 2 columns: Player, Runs/Wickets. Includes Mike Salvey at Derby.

Essex v Sussex

Table with 2 columns: Player, Runs/Wickets. Includes Paul Weaver at Chelmsford.

Notts ripped apart by Gough's blast

Table with 2 columns: Player, Runs/Wickets. Includes Darren Gough.

Worcestershire stand

Table with 2 columns: Player, Runs/Wickets. Includes Gloucestershire captain Courtney Walsh.

Results

Table with 2 columns: Match, Result. Includes various international and domestic matches.

Hockey

Table with 2 columns: Match, Result. Includes Reading win and Europe bid.

Baseball

Table with 2 columns: Match, Result. Includes American League and National League games.

Advertisement for Saturday 28th Sunday 29th September FESTIVAL AT ASCOT. Includes Ascot Racecourse, Ascot, Berks and ticket information.

The Guardian Sport



Mission statement Houston walks out on Arsenal

22



Simmons simmers Leicestershire power to top of the table

23

Clubs push for British league

Robert Armstrong reports on the latest upheavals to shake rugby union

ENGLISH club owners are ready to set up a British league. They will take a fresh turn on their divergent course away from the Rugby Football Union when they meet representatives of the top Scottish clubs in Edinburgh tomorrow to promote a plan for a new competition to be called the Super 16.

Sir John Hall of Newcastle, Chris Wright of Wexpe, Nigel Wray of Saracens and Ashley Levett of Richmond are among the business magnates expected to set out a detailed blueprint for Britain's rugby future at the elite club level.

The Anglo-Scottish summit comes only 48 hours after England's leading players formally backed the English Professional Rugby Union Clubs (Epruc) in the dispute with the RFU, despite the offer of

ity opposition, with the national leagues serving as regionalised lower divisions. It is hoped to start the new competition next September. According to a project consultant advising the clubs: "There is an urgent need to transform every league game involving the top clubs into a high-profile event in order to maximise revenue from all sources. That can only be achieved by pooling the available talent in a cross-border premier league that commands respectable TV ratings throughout Britain. Club rugby can only be a winner with the wider public if it sharpens its competitive edge."

Scottish clubs have a special incentive to take part in the Super 16 since their exclusion from the European Cup by the Scottish Rugby Union, which has opted instead to enter district teams.

British clubs have also begun informal talks with their counterparts in Australia and South Africa with a view to staging a world club competition each summer. That tournament would rotate annually among the three nations, who would put forward a total of 12 clubs, including five from Britain.

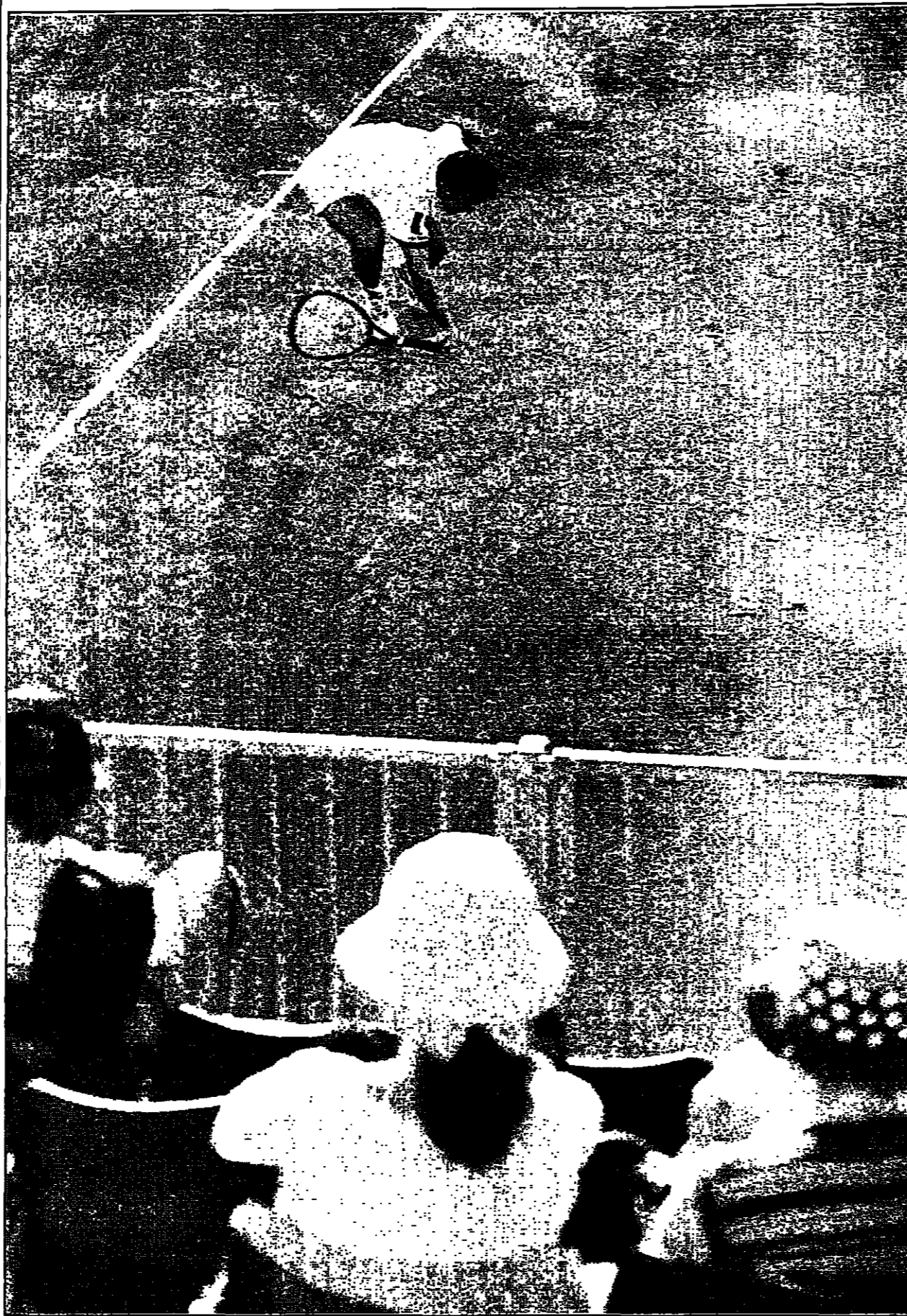
The infrastructure of English rugby is about to undergo radical and probably painful surgery now that the elite players have distanced themselves firmly from last season's employer, the RFU, in favour of their current paymasters, Epruc. In a formal statement yesterday Donald Kerr, the Epruc chairman, elaborated on the issues that precipitated last week's boycott of an England squad session at Bisham Abbey.

"In order to break the deadlock, the England international squad have entered into an accord with Epruc Ltd concerning their availability for RFU representative teams including the England team," Kerr said.

"The interests of English rugby will best be served by a strong professional club structure supporting over 500 professionals who will be available to England, rather than a small elite group of players. The issue is not one of money; the players have committed themselves to a professional game and many have given up jobs. The players want rugby union at club and international level to flourish and have a positive belief in a future comprising successful clubs and a successful national side."

RFU contracts worth up to £70,000 a season each. A meeting in London yesterday between the players and Epruc officials gave renewed impetus to the clubs warning that they intend to break away from the RFU on October 11. The clubs have already begun negotiations with major sponsors and television companies with the aim of achieving fully independent status by the start of next season. It is virtually certain that the top players will not sign RFU contracts, though that does not necessarily debar them from playing for England in this season's internationals. The Super 16 will consist of six clubs each from England and Wales and four from Scotland, though there is a proposal initially to have seven English and three Scottish clubs. Each club will play 30 games a season against qual-

BRITONS SLIDE AWAY ON BOURNEMOUTH'S CLAY



Stumbling out... Britain's Danny Sapsford on the way to defeat in the International Open on Bournemouth's green clay yesterday. The top seed, Spain's Alberto Costa, won their quarter-final 6-1, 6-1 after Britain's other survivor, Greg Rusedski, had gone down in three sets to Jason Stoltenberg of Australia. Report, page 9.

Seventies a golden soccer age to boot



David Lacey

THERE seems to be a move afoot to represent the Seventies as a golden time for English football. If so it should be stamped on forthwith, and not just because England failed to make a major tournament between 1970 and 1986.

It is easy to see how such a notion might arise, especially when even the latest influx of foreign players has failed to inspire a resurgence among English teams in Europe. After all, the Seventies began with Manchester City and Chelsea winning the Cup Winners' Cup, and Arsenal, Leeds, Tottenham and Liverpool the Fairs and Uefa cups. They ended with the European Cup going to Liverpool (twice) and Nottingham Forest.

At home, Arsenal completed the Double and Liverpool began to win the championship on a regular basis. In between times the title went to Leeds United, the best team of the time, prompted the first "refs' revolution", which saw players booked and sent off for offences that had become second nature to them. But until recently the need to deal with the tackle that took man before ball was ignored.

Those who happily lacked paths through the early Seventies would be given short shrift now. It would hardly be worth Peter Storey taking the field. Jack Charlton would soon be arguing his way to an early bath. Even Villa's fans might wonder what on earth the game was coming to.

THE careers of players such as George Best and Charlie George, both victims of *laissez-faire* attitudes towards foul play, might have been extended in the present climate. In the Seventies there were periods when English football, always physical within accepted limits, seemed set on kicking itself to death.

So by all means pine for the game's lost democracy and a time when QPR, Ipswich and West Bromwich Albion could challenge for the league championship. But football is more feeble than they did at the time. Sitting safely in a Premiership ground now it is

hard to believe that the game let things deteriorate so far. We kept being told that it was not a football problem. The Ibrox tragedy of 1971 led to the Safety at Sports Grounds Act of 1975, but it took the Eighties and Hillsborough, where a safety crisis was wrongly diagnosed as a security threat, to purge the game of Seventies attitudes.

There were times, too, when what we were watching appeared irredeemably flawed. Don Revie's Leeds teams might have led the way in cynicism from the mid-Sixties onwards but they had their imitators.

Now another season has begun with a glut of yellow and red cards, and disgruntled managers are accusing referees of ruining the game. But whenever television shows the immaculately coiffured footballers of the Seventies kicking lumps of one another, when they were not actually fighting, it is clear that the only people who ever came close to doing this were the players.

The 1970 FA Cup final replay between Chelsea and Leeds, which plumbed new depths even by the standards of the time, prompted the first "refs' revolution", which saw players booked and sent off for offences that had become second nature to them. But until recently the need to deal with the tackle that took man before ball was ignored.

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Quiz Answers

- 1. (c) Cherie Blair, recommending the dish in her role as guest editor of Prima.
- 2. The co-pilot of flight BA8370 from Birmingham to Milan. Well the plane was at 33,000 feet.
- 3. (c) Just west of Slovenia. Umberto Bossi has declared the northern third of Italy independent and called it Padania.
- 4. (c) Catherine Cookson
- 5. (a) Sandra Locke, his former partner, who claimed in court that she was cheated out of paternity.
- 6. George Graham, appointed manager of Leeds United.
- 7. Nothing, though critics suggested his proposed 1,225-foot Millennium Tower resembled the much-loved cocktail smask.
- 8. (a) and (c). Neither the writer nor the star were there, but Jemima Khan hosted the event.
- 9. Princesses Stephanie and Caroline of Monaco.
- 10. (c) Marianne Faithfull
- 11. (b) Emma Nicholson
- 12. (a) Paig
- 13. The Sodor branch line, home of Thomas the Tank Engine and the Fat Controller.
- 14. Coemo Lang, Archbishop from 1929-42, who according to a new Channel 4 series was gay.
- 15. (c) Stephen Morris

How you rate:

- 0-4 Gherkin
- 5-8 Courgette
- 10-14 Cucumber
- 15 Peas

Guardian COLLINS Crossword 20,758

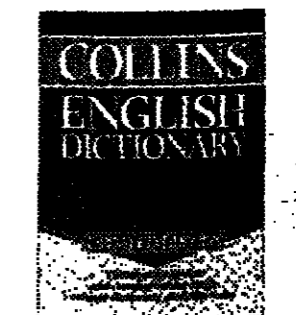
A copy of the Collins English Dictionary will be sent to the first five correct entries drawn. Entries to Guardian Crossword No 20,758, P.O. Box 315, Mitcham, Surrey, CR4 3AX, by first post on Friday Solution and winners in the Guardian on Monday September 23.

Name _____
Address _____

Tick here if you do not wish to receive further information from the Guardian Media Group or other companies screened by us

21 Awful rot by Dickensian who lays on the flattery? (9)
22 I shall be heard in the gangway (5)
23 Everyman book? One number made funny money proposed by another (4-5)
24 Visualise gods providing clergy are lit up (7,7)
25,26 Sort of sandwich with whisky, the ultimate folly? (7,7)
27 Put one's name down once more for green rolling? (2-5)
28 Journalist holds a gun in Tower Hamlets (4,3)

Set by Araucaria
Across
1,5 Steamy, fruitly affair giving the government something to prove? (7,7)
9 Muppet show needs oxygen to raise the speed (2-5)
10 Illuminated period for student, to be exact (7)
11 I would like leader in board game to be s.p. (9)
12 Island often conned (5)
13 Trademark's the Word (5)
15 See 21
17 Bird and beast for Banbury could give shock to the core (9)
19 Land where one doesn't start with a friend (5)



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CROSSWORD SOLUTION 20,757

Ruddles County Riddles.

No. 11. Heads you win

Adam who works at Ruddles Brewery in Retland decided to take a holiday in the Highlands of Scotland to smell the heather rather than the hops for a change. He loved the scenery but he had a little trouble with the "heavy" preferring the familiar taste of Ruddles County which is so accessible in most of Britain but somewhat harder to find in the mountains of Scotland.

After 10 days even the beauty of the scenery began to pall and the memory of his beloved Ruddles (so near yet so far away) started to get to him. To take his mind off things and for want of something better to do he decided to have his hair cut. He went in to the only barber shop for miles around to find the two resident barbers. Adam noticed immediately that the one called Hamish had an appealing haircut, while the other who was known as "Bravehead" had a nightmarish mop of hair. Being a shrewd Sassanach for all his quiet ways, Adam knew his choice of barber was critical. However he chose correctly and left with a smart trim. Who did Adam choose to cut his hair and why?



Hamish - on the assumption that Hamish and Bravehead cut each others hair, Bravehead obviously has more talent with Hamish than Adam.

مكزامن التحصيل

inside